

MI

A

EE

B B

B \$ 1.95-

APRIL 1966

35c.
3/6



**Bargain price
Girl Paradise**

**Aussie hero in
Greek Murder Mystery**

**The top playboy
of them all!**

**Fantastic plans
for underseas cities**

£10 TO £50,000

IN JUST FIVE YEARS

A MEAGRE BANK OF £10 which grew to the COLOSSAL FORTUNE OF £50,000 in the last five years is the FANTASTIC SUCCESS STORY — but GUARANTEED GENUINE RECORD — of the SENSATIONAL

"ROYAL ROUTINE SYSTEM"

The greatest, most infallible 100 per cent certain method of wresting a fortune from the bookmaker ever perfected and put into the hands of the ordinary everyday racing enthusiast . . . And if you doubt the truth of this statement — TAKE A GOOD, LONG LOOK at the following WINNERS over the four meetings prior to this advt. going to press — every one guaranteed a genuine "ROYAL ROUTINE" CLEAN-UP.

COMPARE THEM WITH YOUR OWN EFFORTS!

NOTE: Advertising Copy has to be submitted 6 weeks before publication. The follow-on results will appear in May MAN.

Rosehill 26/2/66		Caulfield 26/2/66	
HIGH PRINCIPLE	WON 10/1	PENNYETTE	WON 20/1
OROMEDES	WON 9/1	ORDELL	WON 6/1
CANADA	WON 8/1	CONCHAVA	WON 5/1
VICTORY BOY	WON 4/1		
Rosehill 19/2/66		Flemington 19/2/66	
DENTER QUEEN	WON 20/1	CITIUS	WON 9/2
CALMNESS	WON 10/1	KAIWAKA	WON 7/2
VICTORY BOY	WON 6/1	LORD PALFORD	WON 7/2
THEME	WON 9/2	BELAR	WON 9/1
		(5/1 was bet)	
Rosehill 12/2/66		Sandown 12/2/66	
PRINCE GRANT	WON 33/1	HONOUR BRIGHT	WON 16/1
IRISH SKY	WON 6/1	SUNNY ROSE	WON 13/2
CANDY FLOSS	WON 7/2	RIO	WON 6/1
		METORA	WON 5/1
Canterbury 5/2/66		SNUB	WON 7/2
TOP FIBRE	WON 6/1		
BRAVE ARCHER	WON 11/2	Flemington 5/2/66	
RISQUE	WON 3/1	DIPLOMA	WON 11/1
AERIAL	WON 5/2	GLENDON	WON 5/1
(7/2 was bet)		BEAUTY REST	WON 9/2
		ALCOON (d.h.)	WON 4/1

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Turf investments hereby guarantee to refund the purchase price in full if the "ROYAL ROUTINE" does not show a substantial profit in the six months' period immediately after purchase or if any statements made in this advertisement are proved incorrect. NOTE: You are dealing with the oldest established and most reputable firm of Turf Consultants in Australia. We have been in business at the one address for over 15 years.

Average of WINNERS one in every two races . . . No short-priced selections, average odds being 6/1 . . . SIMPLE TO OPERATE and all bets PLAINLY SHOWN by clearly defined rules, NO chance of mistake . . . No waiting and waiting for the odd bet to crop up as with many other methods, the "ROYAL ROUTINE" gives a BET IN EVERY RACE . . . can be operated S.P. or Course and applied EQUALLY SUCCESSFULLY TO—

GALLOPERS—TROTTERS—OR DOGS

Also 35 Other SCIENTIFICALLY PROVEN WINNING METHODS

The "ROYAL ROUTINE" is the ABSOLUTE ULTIMATE in Racing Systems, but, for the enthusiast who likes to make a complete study of ALL TYPES of Systems and Staking Plans, we include THIRTY-FIVE other entirely different WINNING Methods of Turf Investment in the most comprehensive book of its kind ever published — well known Professional Punter JACK O'BRIEN'S—

THE SECRETS OF TURF SUCCESS

25 THOROUGHLY PROVEN, HIGHLY PROFITABLE METHODS OF SELECTING WINNERS **25**
10 MATHEMATICALLY PERFECT STAKING PLANS which can be applied with POSITIVE **10**
SUCCESS to ANY sound Selection Method.

Finally, a set of tables CLEARLY SHOWING how to back several horses in the one race to SHOW EQUAL PROFIT, no matter which one wins — to make a book against the Bookie.

TURF INVESTMENTS, BOX 1869, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Enclosed please find £5, for which send me, by return mail, your new edition of THE SECRETS OF TURF SUCCESS, including the "Royal Routine System". I understand that this is the one and only payment I have to make to obtain your full information as advertised. NOTE — No responsibility accepted for unregistered mail containing cash or postal notes.
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

NAME

ADDRESS

M.4/66

NOTE: SAME BUSINESS ADDRESS FOR PAST 15 YEARS

THE SECRETS OF TURF SUCCESS — crammed full of indispensable Racing "Know How" that the average punter could never hope to accumulate in a lifetime of research and study. And the price is well within the reach of all — JUST £5 for the full and complete publication. No further payments of any kind necessary for our future service and assistance of any racing problems which you may ever have.

PROSPERITY, SECURITY — IT CAN BE YOURS!

This is the greatest opportunity that will ever come your way to make Racing as profitable as it is enjoyable. DON'T LET IT PASS YOU BY!
Fill in the ordering coupon NOW—right this very minute while you have the ad. in your hand—you will never regret it. As a wise man once said—

"Profit from the Knowledge of Others."

TURF INVESTMENTS, Box 1869, G.P.O., Sydney.



CONTENTS OF MAN • THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FICTION

- 4 **MUGS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!** . . . *John Herbert*
The way to win — or lose — is to treat 'em all like nongs
- 12 **JOHNNY, COME QUIETLY** . . . *Philip Sand*
Show one sign of cowardice, and that would be the finish
- 18 **LOST SOUL ON ROAD TO HELL** . . . *Ken Welsh*
He was losing out forever — to an office with opaque glass
- 42 **A CELEBRITY AT LAST** . . . *Carl Ruhen*
He wanted to star in something dramatic. He did: murder

ARTICLES

- 8 **THE GREAT AMORIST** . . . *Max Sollitt*
Poet, womaniser, adventurer, scandaliser — and war hero
- 28 **KOOK'S TOUR** . . . *David Gibson*
Here's one way to travel inexpensively — and see all
- 32 **BODY IN THE BAY** . . . *Leo Heiman*
Exclusive report of an Australian who lived it high
- 35 **MONSIEUR BWANA NGANGA** . . . *Henri Girard*
There are problems in being a white witch doctor, man
- 40 **THE BEARDED ONES** . . . *Martin Loran*
A short visit into the philosophy of a true non-conformist
- 48 **THE WET WAR** . . . *Robert Laguardia*
Man is getting ready to live on the oceans' treasure floor
- 58 **GOING SOFT ON TOP** . . . *Pedr Davis*
Why aren't Australian car makers turning out convertibles?
- 68 **ZOOM, ZONK — IT'S BATMAN!** . . . *John Carlton*
The comic book do-gooders become a top television series

MANADORABLES

- 11 **COLOR PIN-UP** 16/17 **Moment of Solitude** 25
PIN-UP MAN'S **Girl-of-the-Month Gatefold:** 19-22
54 **PIN-UP**

FEATURES

- 38 **WineMAN — on Champagne** 55 **Man Talk and A**
Smoke Screen, please Girls 60 **Your Clothes, by Paul**
B. Nelson 86 **Of Many Things, by Marshall Kirby**



The Life of a Bearded Non-conformist.
— page 40



Mystery Death of Aussie Hero — page 32



Kook's Tour of the Bikini Belt — page 28

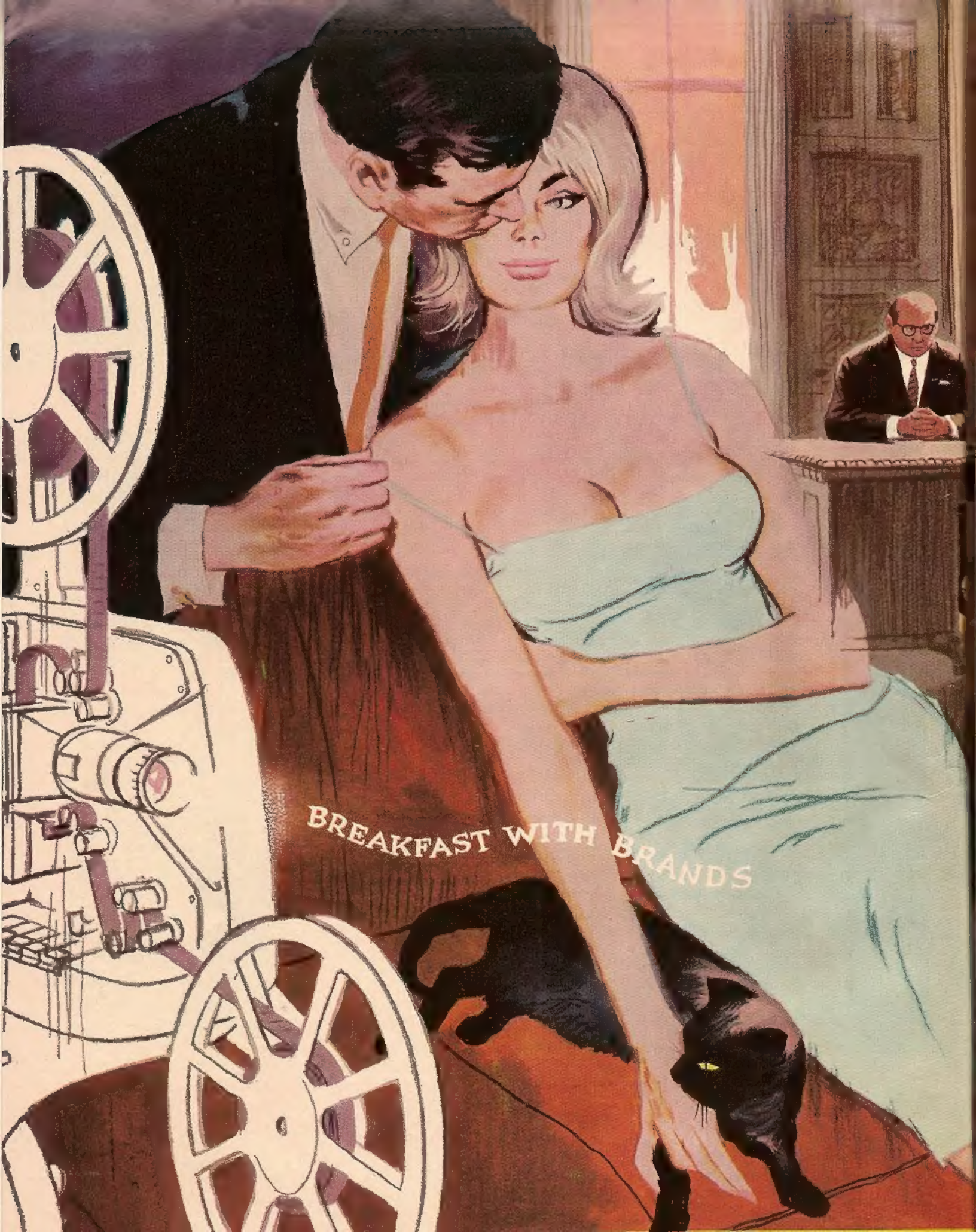
Printed by Kenmure Press Pty Ltd, Derby and Wetherill Sts, Nth Lidcombe, NSW, for MAN Magazine Pty Ltd, 142 Clarence Street, Sydney, to which company all manuscripts should be addressed. Editor, **FRED C. FOLKARD**. Advertising: General Advertising Manager, **P. CHARELL**, 142 Clarence Street, Sydney. Telephone 29-3761; Melbourne, **RAY W. MARTIN**, 36 Flinders Lane, 63-2294 and 63-7221; Adelaide, **HARRY HASTWELL**, c/o Arthur L. Searcy, 132-136 Gray Street, 51-5911; Brisbane, **BOWLY PENGILIS & ASSOCIATES PTY LTD**, O'Connor House, 170a Albert Street, 2-9473; Perth, **D. SCHLIPALIUS**, Daryl Agencies, 150 Adelaide Terrace; London, **H. A. MACKENZIE**, 4a Bloomsbury Square, London, WC1, Hol. 3779; Tokyo, **DOUGLAS KENRICK**, Douglas Kenrick (Far East) Ltd, No 3, Enokizaka-Machi, Akasaka, Minato-ku, Tokyo, (582)-3705.

Distributors: **GORDON & GOTCH (A/sia) LTD**, MELBOURNE • **MAN MAGAZINE PTY LTD**, Sydney. **ATLAS PUBLISHING AND DISTRIBUTING CO LTD**, 334 Brixton Rd, London S.W.9, London, England.

NEXT MONTH:

THERE'S DANGER ON TRAINS!

Not from accidents — trains are safe vehicles — but from the women who travel across Europe. They are after something — and not just a drink in the club car!



BREAKFAST WITH BRANDS



MUGS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

Arnet knew the way to win — climb over the corpses of the nongs, steal a man's wife, admit no conscience

By JOHN HERBERT

CHUCK ARNET sat waiting in the reception office of Brands Incorporated. "Breakfast With Brands — The Most Successful People Do!" Sat with the polished ease of an old hand at waiting for the boss to summon him. He was even dressed for the part in the dark, narrow clothing of the advertising profession. He was a solid five-eleven, groomed, sleek, successful.

And with the air of a man who was going to be more successful, very soon.

The light from the fierce morning sun came through the window to Chuck Arnet's left. It played with the contours of his face, lengthening the aquiline nose and deepening the hollows in the cheeks. He held the cheeks slightly sucked in. The effect lengthened his face and implied the strong look of a predatory bird, a touch of asceticism that mostly impressed.

He was familiar with this half-plush, half-conservative outer office — this happy marriage of go-ahead and tradition. How many times, trying to conceal his nervousness, had he toed the thick-piled, olive carpet while waiting for Marcus Webb, the managing director of Brands Incorporated? How many times before had he stared at the red-haired switchgirl and her spaghetti-mix of plug-in leads and her staccato voice while, outwardly calm, he rehearsed mentally another excuse for the agency's error in publicising one of Brands fancy breakfast foods?

Many, many times.

But today it was different. He was not seeing Marcus Webb on an alibi mission. He would be top dog this time. The can of film across his lap and the sound projector at his feet added up to the headline over a correspondence course diploma: *Passport to Prosperity*.

Today was the Big One. Today he left the mugs back at the agency for good. The ones who had become so damned scared of Marcus Webb that he, and not the professionals, dictated the campaigns. For, to them, Webb meant the octagonal swimming pool and the second car: without his account, they would again become battlers.

Chuck Arnet had been planning this day for many months. On his advice, the television campaign for the latest cereal — *Brandie Snappers for Adult Breakfasts to Set You Up* — had been given to Tim Simmons the son of the agency's boss. The son was young and ambitious and Arnet had, without his knowing it, stressed the *sophistication* of the new line. The young man fell for the plant and borrowed from the cigarette and liquor ads. Skinny models, polished silverware — breakfast cereals in cut crystal yet!

Marcus Webb had blown his top — as Arnet knew he would — when the first two completed ads were screened.

"You've overplayed your hand," said the lizard behind the desk

"I'm surprised," he said, with heavy sarcasm, "that you forgot the Rolls-Royce and the uniformed chauffeur, with our suburban housewife lying in a huge bed surrounded by French maids." He lifted a stubby finger and pointed it at the boss's red-faced squirming son. "Sack him," he said. "Out!"

Arnet had been at the conference. He did not share in the chaos that followed. He had smiled to himself, for that afternoon he would see the results of his own personal and secret campaign for *Brandie Snappers*.

Barry Cotter and his wife, Sandra, had finished shooting it in their Woolloomooloo studio.

He had seen it. It was in the can across his knees. Today he would show it to Marcus Webb. And, in essence, he would say, "Marcus, this is what I can do for you. Scrub the agency. You can save money and get what you want — like this!"

And he would make triple the in-



come he was making now.

Chuck Arnet, sucking in his cheeks a little more, looked at the wall clock behind him. Ten past ten. He had been here fifteen minutes. He didn't mind the waiting. He had the goods Marcus Webb wanted.

He could afford to wait for the dawn of the big day.

Yesterday morning, down at the Cotter studio, he had seen the completed commercial for the first time. He had arrived when Barry Cotter was winding the film on to the reel.

"Hear young Tim got the bullet," Barry said. "Nice kid. Good ideas, too, even if a bit green."

"A mug," Chuck Arnet said. "A young mug, if you like, but one, just the same. A father having to sack his son. That's a new angle."

The last few inches of film flapped on to the reel and Barry — big and genial, as always — unhooked it. "Tim told me you'd given him a few leads. I thought you liked him."

Arnet snorted. "This business is strictly dog-eat-dog," he said. "Haven't you heard? Who cares, anyway? If Marcus Webb wants a head, it's served up on a silver platter."

Barry Cotter's eyes blinked through his heavy-lensed glasses. "I just take the pictures, Chuck," he said. "Leave me out of the assassination side. I don't pack a stiletto."

"You'll learn," Arnet said. "You're a good man, Barry, but look at you — still stuck in this miserable place

after five years. Joey Adams has gone right to the top."

"When he broke up our partnership, he took our best clients with him," Barry said, without any trace of bitterness. "He had a stiletto. It worked fine. Maybe one of these days he'll use it on himself."

Arnet slapped him on the shoulder. "You're scared of success, son," he said. "You've got to make the big move in this business. When the chance comes, grab it. That's what I'm doing."

Barry wagged his big head. "A tiger," he said. "You ride one, you fall off, the tiger eats you. I've seen it happen. You're a cynical, hard-hearted bastard, Chuck. But you're smart."

"Yeah," said Chuck. "What else is there?"

Strangely, it annoyed him to walk beside Barry down the corridor to the projection room. The man was too big, too contented within himself, too damn complacent and unambitious.

It was men like Barry Cotter who



fell flat on their faces when the competition became too strong. Or just faded away, leaving the field to those who could be ruthless.

They entered the small, cool theatre and Chuck slumped arrogantly into one of the upholstered seats. "Barry," called Sandra's voice from the hidden projector, "a globe's gone here. Will you fix it, honey?"

"Should have done it yesterday," Barry called back. "I'll be right up."

He shambled off and then Chuck heard the click of heels as Sandra came from the projection room into the theatre. "Hello, Chuck," she said. "I hear young Tim's got the kiss of death from Webb."

"I tried to put him on the right track," Arnet said, with a wide smile. "Believe me, Sandra, I loved that boy — but what can you do when there's no talent?"

"He feels he's let his father down and everybody at the agency," Sandra said. "He's disappeared, anyway. Gone bush or joined the army or something. You sorry?"

"Sure, I'm sorry," Chuck said. He reached out in the semi-darkness and took her hand. It was soft and cool. Everything about Sandra was soft and cool. "But in this game you play for keeps."

He held on to her hand, gently caressing the palm. Sandra always did things to him. She was a tall blonde with large, luminous eyes. She had worked as Barry's receptionist until he married her. Now she was his as-

sistant.

Chuck stood up and pulled her closer to him. "Big things coming up, Sandra," he whispered. "So damned big that I can turn Barry into the top man in the business."

"With what?" she asked.

"All of Marcus Webb's business — commercials, PR films, color advertising, the works."

He heard her catch her breath. They were struggling, had been all the time, making just enough to meet the bills, starving themselves of any luxuries.

She came a little closer to him and he could feel her figure. It was youthful and firm. He slid his arm around her waist.

"For what, Chuck?" she whispered.

"You," he said. "We could have a lot of fun together. I'll be in the money, Sandra — big money. Barry wouldn't have to know. I've got a big series lined up for Webb. Up north — the Barrier Reef Islands, the beaches, the canefields, fishing. All that jazz."

She leaned against him in the semi-darkness and his hand began to roam up her back.

"And if I don't?"

"There are a lot of photographers around," Chuck said. "But there's only one Sandra. Okay?"

"You work things out, Chuck," she said, coolly. "You really work things out, don't you?"

"I know where I'm going," he said, "and I know what I want. Barry's future is in your hands. With me, he'll be really something. But without me..." He snapped his fingers.

"Okay, darling," Barry called from the projection room. "It's all fixed. The film's ready. Run it through for us, eh?"

As she slipped from his arms, Chuck Arnet pressed his mouth against Sandra's lips. They were cool and soft. Her hair smelt of perfume.

She would be his. No doubt about that. She'd do anything to see the clumsy Barry succeed. All he would have to show her would be his coming contract with Marcus Webb.

He sank back in the seat, well satisfied with himself, his lips still moist from hers. It could be a great life, if you played it right!

When Barry Cotter sat down beside him, he felt almost sorry for the fool. Almost. The man was just as big a mug as those down at the agency.

The white screen came to life. The monochromatic woman swung her way forward with a smooth, languid grace. Great. The quality of the film was great, too — crisp and clear with a background that was beautifully subdued. The girl was every man's dream of a wife, suggesting mistress and mother, nursemaid and tease.

Then the camera panned down, losing the woman and held on the pack of *Brandie Snappers* in her slim, efficient hand. The clarity was brilliant, the trade name large and clear. Gently the hand squeezed the pack and he alerted his ears to the audio. The sound of the cereal crunching was like a fierce fire's.

"For my man," said the honeyed, vibrant voice, dripping with sex. "And for your man. To set him up."

Chuck Arnet felt success glowing inside. This was for Marcus Webb! "Not bad," he said to Barry Cotter. "But you came down on the product too slowly. More zip, man, more zip!" He gave him a slap upon the shoulder, half praise, half censure.

(Continued on page 72)



"We just wanted to see what you looked like. You've been listed as a dependent on six returns so far."

The playboy-poet was just as
much a killer-diller with
bombs as with boudoir belles

THE GREAT AMORIST

By MAX SOLLITT

MANY have tried — but no roué in recent times has managed to top the gay life of that most dedicated womaniser, playboy, politician and "immoral" writer, Gabriele D'Annunzio.

The free-wheeling poet, who died a mere 28 years ago, was among the most flamboyant figures of all time. He shocked moralists with his voluptuous writings, his life of decadent luxury, his affairs with numerous women — and his unexpected bravery as a World War I hero.

The rich D'Annunzio was the archetype of the arrogant Roman, contemptuous of convention and a sort of super-beatnik whose off-beat behavior made princesses and heiresses forget their religious unbrings and marriage vows. He wrote outrageously frank — but beautiful — poetry, fought duels, cuckolded husbands and at the same time became a power in International politics.

He even defied the then all-powerful League of Nations by appointing himself dictator of the eight-square-mile Regency of Fiume, thumbing his nose at all attempts to dislodge him. Through this and other similar acts of defiance, he became one of the most controversial personalities in the world before, during and after the 1914-18 War.

Jealous enemies who had written him off as a dissolute playboy hiding in boudoirs from the bombs were forced to change their minds when the intellectual D'Annunzio emerged as a man of courage. He engaged in many daring escapades, including one in which he flew as a bombardier in an Italian warplane over the Austrian-held city of Trieste on a night in August, 1915.

In spite of heavy anti-aircraft fire, the poet persuaded the pilot to fly low over the suburbs of the city while he leaned out of the open cockpit and emptied baskets of printed pamphlets. Each was a personally-signed message to the Italian-born residents of Trieste from the greatest living Italian poet and ended with a typically flamboyant, *From these soaring wings I toss you my heart.*

Though admittedly amoral, dissolute and hedonistic, Gabriele D'Annunzio is credited with being among those most responsible for persuading his countrymen to go to war with Germany. He risked arrest by returning from France — where he was in hiding from his creditors — to carry the banner for the Allies.

Most Italians then regarded him as a scented fop and womaniser, a perfumed gallant whose long list of love affairs rivalled Casanova's. At meetings he addressed, he was loudly and insultingly asked in which particular service he would perform for Italy. D'Annunzio gave them an unanticipated answer: by the end of World War I he had fought with the airforce, navy and army and won nearly a dozen decorations from Italy and her allies.

The famous — or infamous — poet looked anything but a heroic warrior. At the time of the war, he was 52 and years of high living had left their mark on his never-handsome face. In addition, he was bald, short and plump — but he still enjoyed an easy success with women that had been his since youth.

D'Annunzio was still a schoolboy when he wrote his first love poem. It was addressed to the language master's daughter and caused a college scandal. By 16, he had his first book of poems, *Primo Vere*, published. The themes were so voluptuous that one critic summed up with advice that the presumptuous youngster should "be awarded a gold medal, then soundly whipped."

Coming from a mere schoolboy, this sort of philosophy really shook Rome's ordered society:

*No longer do I crave the sweetness
of ideal romance,*

*The softness of the apple and the
milk: nor songs*

*And gentle carols mid the flowers and
soft west wind;*

*No longer Nemean games and girls
and languid notes . . .*

*No, Satan, you I crave beneath your
brazen wing,*

*To stand beside me and fill me with
your all.*



*I long for madness that prostrates
the soul and sense,
While hymns of evil fill the priest with
fear:*

*I crave infernal dances and insensate
sounds,*

*The breasts of Grecian concubines to
pass the night.*

*I crave long orgies and strange un-
known forms of love.*

*Among the kisses and wine cups will
I madden,*

Satan, yes, tis you I crave . . .

The effect this poem — called *Satanic Hour* — had upon the mothers and fathers of Catholic Italy can well be imagined. Daughters were forbidden even to mention his name, but his poems were secretly passed one to the other. And when he came to Rome after leaving school at 19 to

As a 16-year-old, his brazen poems shocked society. As a middle-aged



become a freelance writer—financially helped by a proud and indulgent father — Gabriele D'Annunzio was already well known as a devoted follower of *La Dolce Vita*.

He had promised, of course, to return to marry the language master's daughter — but the matrons of Rome soon dissuaded him against this plebeian ambition. For he was then an intense young man with black, curly hair and hypnotic brown eyes. He had to live up to the life he preached and in no time was involved at the same time in several rather dangerous love affairs with the bored matrons of the minor aristocracy.

His amorous exploits, even more than his outrageous poetry, became news, especially when he eloped with Maria, daughter of the uppity Duke

of Gallese, who hated him. The irate duke had police meet the runaway lovers in Florence. Maria was whipped back to her father and D'Annunzio warned never again to see her.

But he took his love affairs seriously and again and again demanded an interview with Duke Gallese, although several times thrown off the ducal estate. Only when the duke found that Maria was pregnant did he agree to see the arrogant young poet.

The girl was given permission to marry but nothing else. She was cut off without a lira and told never again to darken the duke's doorway. D'Annunzio, with an early son to support, became a society columnist on *Tribuna*, which was not exactly what his new wife should have prescribed.

He mixed with princesses, duchesses

and countesses of the pre-war Roman aristocracy and began to lead a busy double life, commuting from illicit boudoirs to legal bedroom. And he maintained his ability to shock society by publishing a book of poems in which one detailed his premarital affair with the duke's daughter and another one of short stories entitled *The Book of Virgins*. As they dealt with such unmentionable subjects as rape and abortion, both books were branded as "decadent and obscene" — and thus became best-sellers.

And thereby D'Annunzio also consolidated his position with the amorous young Italian princesses whose husbands considered him a wicked philanderer in league with the devil himself. This made the ladies love him more and he became the idol of less

man, he captured a city. In between were hundreds of hot love affairs

successful men everywhere. Jealous husbands tracked him down to demand the return of their honor with the sword.

In one of these duels, the dashing poet received such a cut on the head that the nervous doctor in attendance doused the wound with a whole bottle of ferrous perchlorate. This stopped the bleeding but had an unfortunate side effect. D'Annunzio lost his hair and was half bald by 26.

But he had just published his most successful novel, *Child of Pleasure* — an expose of Italian society with himself thinly disguised as the hero — and the women sought him with even more fervor. The Italian beauties were joined by belles of International society.

He forgot his wife and lived in Naples with a princess who deserted her husband and two children. This liaison lasted for five years and the princess bore him two illegitimate children. But she eventually lost him — after many casual affairs — to the world famous actress, Eleonora Duse.

D'Annunzio was making a fortune from his writings. He had villas all over Italy to which he retired from time to time to write another masterpiece or to closet some beauty who had caught his eye. The D'Annunzio cult was so strong during the 1890s that he had to keep his movements secret and the beseeching females bushed. Such was his charm for women that three prominent socialites fought like wildcats, tearing each others' clothes and skin, over the possession of a handkerchief he had dropped on the floor at a reception.

It was openly said that he had the power to hypnotize the opposite sex. Visiting a nightclub incognito, he invited one of the dancers to visit his table. Within a minute — and not knowing who he was — the girl was clasping his hand in hers and gazing into his eyes with adoration. When the time came for her next number, she reluctantly tore herself away from the stranger, walked off as if in a trance and fainted dead away.

Never one to miss an opportunity, D'Annunzio carried her to a private room, revived her with champagne and was not seen for several hours.

He wrote plays, none of them as successful as his poems and novels, for Eleonora Duse. Her infatuation for him was such that she would act only in his plays. When producers refused to stage them, the Duse put them on at her own expense. Only her appearance, as the world's premier actress, made them popular.

They were lovers for six years — but he was incapable of being faithful even to such as she. While she was on tour, news came that D'Annunzio was entertaining the most famous beauties, courtesans and demimondaines of Europe in the splendid villa he had redecorated in medieval style.

On her return from each tour, Eleonora Duse would sweep magnificently through the opulent house, opening doors and windows to let out the cloying smell of incense which her lover burned to induce a seductive atmosphere. Finally, unable to take her histrionics and temperamental outbursts, D'Annunzio discarded her to take up with a sports-mad, horse-riding marchesa a foot taller than himself.

He had intended the liaison as only an overnight diversion but the muscular marchesa produced a pearl-handled pistol and threatened to kill them both if he did not continue the affair. D'Annunzio swore undying love

on the spot and the marchesa left her husband and two children to live openly with the poet. At the end of two years, she entered a convent to atone for her sins.

D'Annunzio was not overly upset, as he then had yet another special mistress as well as other physical acquaintances. Her name was Guiseppina and, after two years, she finished up in an asylum.

Some said that the rascally poet got rid of her by showing her husband some wildly passionate love-letters and persuading him to have her committed as a nymphomaniac, a legal sin. Another story is that the husband, coming upon the two together, threw her naked into the streets, where the distraught woman was picked up by police and certified as mad.

Biographers tend to disbelieve such highly-colored stories. D'Annunzio, though suffering no pangs of conscience, usually got rid of his unwanted mistresses in a gentlemanly manner. Many, in fact, visited him as a friend after they had been dismissed, just to talk over old delights.

With one of his most recent mistresses in an asylum and the other in a convent, Gabriele D'Annunzio took up with the wife of a Russian diplo-



mat who, it seems, had a great gift for spending his money. As D'Annunzio also had the gift of extravagance — the stables in one of his splendid homes were carpeted with Persian rugs — the hot breath of a hundred creditors became hotter.

In 1910, he fled to Paris to avoid court actions and watched helplessly from a distance while his creditors seized and sold up his collection of art treasures and furniture. But though the art sale lasted for three weeks, it did not bring in enough to meet the outstanding bills and D'Annunzio was forced to remain in Paris. Not alone, of course. The Russian diplomat's wife followed him into exile and shared him with a number of French mistresses.

His genius in writing a number of successful plays and the scenario for a silent film enabled the liquidation of most of his debts, but enough were still outstanding to make his return to his country legally dangerous. However, the outbreak of World War I brought him home. As soon as Italy declared war in 1915, D'Annunzio enlisted as an officer in a cavalry regiment but was given carte blanche to move around, because of his propaganda value.

After many trips as a bombardier, he was voted his personal plane by the City of Rome and took it on many solo bombing raids. He also joined the infantry for service in the trenches and, while in submarines, organized the famous torpedo boat raid on the Austrian-held port of Buccari. Three boats hit four transports after first blowing up defensive nets across the harbor.

While the boats were escaping under heavy fire, D'Annunzio dumped dozens of bottles overboard, each carrying the Italian flag and a derisive personal message to the Austrian commander. For this, he won a British decoration.

The so-called effete poet was in several other adventurous jaunts against the Germans and Austrians, but he really received world-wide publicity just after the war ended. Instead of Fiume being handed back to the Italians, it was occupied by a mixed force of Italian, French and British troops. The League of Nations favored giving Fiume not to Italy but to Yugoslavia.

Brawls between the Allied troops became so bad that the League prevailed upon the Italian Premier, Francesco Nitti, to withdraw his troops. To the fiery D'Annunzio, the whole thing was a blatant double cross. He resigned the army and toured the country, railing in picturesque language against the League of Nations and Nitti's weakness in taking away his troops.

As flamboyant as ever, he organized a volunteer army he called the Legion of Fiume — which soon grew to 3000 men — and then raided a government stores depot for trucks and arms. It was an outright rebellion. The government countered by ordering their troops on the route to Fiume to open fire on D'Annunzio's rebels.

At Castua, on the road to Fiume, the regulars threw up a block. With a flourish, the cocky little warrior-poet jumped from his truck before the barbed wire and strode up to the commanding officer. He threw open his topcoat to reveal the rows of medals on his uniform and shouted, "I am Gabriele D'Annunzio — shoot me first!"

Choked with Latin emotions, the officer went to meet the poet, embraced him and ordered the barricades down. Triumphant, D'Annunzio and his rebel army swept into Fiume. The French and British troops were ordered to withdraw — but the Italian government still refused to claim the city as its own.

D'Annunzio, however, was no man to hedge. On the spot, he declared Fiume to be an independent state, with himself as regent. Drawing up a constitution that was a strange mixture of democracy, communism and fascism, he established himself in a large palace in the centre of the city.

While the League of Nations debated the matter and the Italian deputies tore their hair, Gabriele D'Annunzio reigned as a benevolent dictator, writing special poems to bolster the population's morale. It needed boosting. Italian warships blockaded the port and cut off food supplies.

The discussions went on for 16 months. Finally, part of Fiume was ceded to Yugoslavia, the other part allowed to remain an independent State — without Gabriele D'Annunzio.

But the "Regent of Fiume" had greatly enjoyed the heady taste of power and now made up his mind not to hand over "his" city to anyone.

(Continued on page 73)



His only hope was to keep
the huge man's respect.
One hint of cowardice and
the game would be over.

JOHNNY,



Even though exhausted and with a broken rib, he had

COME QUIETLY

By PHILIP SAND

FOR a moment, complete silence. Then everyone began doing what they had done before, a little louder. The barman's dark little pig-eyes were darting around while he polished a glass, furiously. The man in soiled grey flannel picked up the threads of a yarn again and his mates laughed uproariously before he reached the point.

Only Big Johnny in his corner went on drinking serenely.

The quart of wine in front of him was three-parts gone. A new chum might have thought he'd be drunk but the old hands knew better.

Johnny was a big man, arms like the branches he lopped daily from the tall blackbutts. He could work hard. He could eat prodigiously. He could drink a lot of wine before it showed.

Jim Sheldon stood quite still in the doorway for a while, even after his eyes found Johnny. Every man was waiting, with a pleasurable tingle of anticipation, to see what would happen. Johnny might not be drunk. But he was unpredictable.

Whitey Bloss hadn't said more than a mouthful to him, with that odd half-smile on his face. And Big Johnny had hit him, just once. That had been enough.

Now Whitey Bloss was dead. All Tallowwood Creek waited to see what Johnny would do to Constable Sheldon.

And Jim Sheldon wasn't feeling as confident as he looked. He walked over and sat down next to the big forester.

"Hello, Johnny," he said.

Johnny looked at him, blue eyes mild. His hair was a red forest and dense red scrub covered the great forearms folded on the table.

"Hello, Jim. Want a drink?"

Sheldon shook his head. "Not today, Johnny, thanks."

A pause. Johnny poured another glass, drank it. The others were choking on their beers. Johnny finished his drink, poured another, tipping the bottle until the last, red drops flowed into his glass.

He sent it down his throat in one, long gush, like a mountain stream in spate, wiped his hand across his mouth and sighed. "You come for me, Jim?"

"That's right, Johnny. Don't tell me anything you'd rather I didn't hear."

Neither offered to move.

Then Sheldon said, "We don't want no more trouble, do we, Johnny?"

"No, Jim."

He stood up then, nearly all the way to the timbered roof.

Jim Sheldon was a big man, six foot two and broad with it, but beside the timbercutter he looked like a stripling. He said the formal words quietly.

The handcuffs looked like a child's toy on the massive wrists. The tension drained out of the long room as the jeep drove away.

Bumping down the rough timber-track, Jim pulled tobacco and matches from his pocket. Johnny, clumsy because of the irons, rolled and lit two. He gave one to the constable, and Jim said, "Thanks, Johnny." His tone was thankful for more than the cigarette.

"Can I tell you about it, Jim?"

"You don't have to."

"Yes, I know. I want to tell you. I can tell you if I want to, can't I?"

"Yes. But remember, I must use it in evidence."

"It was about Tessa," said Johnny. "You know Tessa, Jim?"

Jim nodded. She was as big built, for a woman, as Johnny was for a man, but all female. She had black hair and eyes, and full red lips, and a figure. She made every pulse on the forest road beat a little faster, but no one wanted to tangle with Johnny's girl.

"But Whitey said she did." Johnny's voice was a low rumble, devoid of anger. "Said she was two-timing me with that little squirt of a mill-agent, Windrow. That's why I hit him, Jim. I didn't *mean* to kill him. He should keep his tongue off my girl."

Whitey had probably been on the metho, thought Jim. He must have been crazy to tackle Big Johnny.

"I might have passed it up then," Johnny was saying. "He was drunk, see? I might have let it go, but I went to pick me drink up—it was in the bar, you know?"

Jim knew. He'd just come from the bar at Gooni Falls. No one was drinking there now, and the undertaker was using the back room. Whitey Bloss had had his skull stove in like a crushed toadstool.



to face up to another adversary—the wild woman protecting her lover

"I just reached out to pick me drink up," said Johnny, reasonably, "and he ducked for cover. Thought he was such a little runt it wouldn't be worth me while to hit him, and he could say what he liked. Couldn't stand up like a man, see?"

The handcuffs chinked as he drew on his smoke. "Can't abide a coward. So I hit him."

"You certainly did, my lad," thought Jim. "I hope to God nobody ever hits me like that!"

He swung the jeep round a blind corner, swore, pounded the brake and slewed to a stop a screaming inch from the timber-jinker that blocked the way ahead.

"You bloody fools!" he spat, struggling from under Johnny's overbalanced bulk. "What the hell are you doing? Get that jinker off the road!"

He got to the door-handle and scrambled out. Johnny rolled out on his side.

There were three of them, sallow faces, shifty eyes, rifles handy. They didn't need to face him — the carefully parked jinker was sufficient confrontation.

"Let him go, Sheldon," said the first.

Jim's grey eyes hardened. "You're interfering with the law, Hedley. It's a serious offence, I warn you."

"The law!" Hedley spat accurately, an inch from his foot. "You're the law round here, Sheldon. You're only a man like everyone else. No one in their senses could expect you to bring Big Johnny in single-handed. Not even that over-fed clerk in Elsmore who calls himself an inspector. Let him go, Sheldon!"

Jim's hand moved toward his belt, but the others were ready. Before the menace of their rifles he must go carefully.

He said quietly to his prisoner, "Don't listen to them, Johnny. There's no hope this way. Do you want to live the rest of your life on the run?"

Johnny wavered, blue eyes troubled, and Jim pressed the point. "Tell them no, Johnny. Tell them to stand clear, we're going through."

"Tell him to go to hell, Johnny," Hedley called harshly. "You want to swing?"

The big man's gaze returned to him. Hedley came closer.

"Play it wise, Johnny," he urged. "We're your mates — we'll all look after you. Get away from this dumb cop and no one will dare swear against you — we'll see to that. We got brains, Johnny — we got guns. All we need is a chap like you . . ."

Then Jim saw the drift. "No, Johnny," he said urgently. "Can't you see? Go with them and you're done for. They only want you to do their dirty work — they want a desperate man who doesn't care what he does. You're not a crook, Johnny. Don't listen!"

He felt the big man's interest sway toward him. But it was not enough. The menace of the rifles still dominated the exchange. Slowly, Big Johnny moved towards Hedley. "You'll see I don't get took?" he asked.

"Johnny, don't be a fool!" Jim cried.

"Shut up, copper," snarled Hedley. "You'll be right, Johnny."

His rifle swung nearer. "Give us the keys to his handcuffs, copper."

"Come and get them."

Hedley laughed. "There's an easier way than that. Here—" He thrust the rifle into Johnny's manacled hands.

"What's this for?" The big man was bewildered.

"You know. You've one killing on your plate — what's keeping you? Settle his hash, Johnny. Then you'll be free."

For a split second their eyes were diverted. The gun swung aimlessly in Johnny's hands. Jim saw his chance and moved.

He flung himself to the ground, jerked under the vehicle, pulling his army revolver clear as he rolled, and came up in the shelter of the jeep, arm stiff, weapon levelled in a steady hand.

The effect on the others was electric. One of the men lowered his rifle at once. The other flinched from the menace of the revolver as if he had been hit. Only Hedley stood his ground. Jim followed up his advantage.

"Drop those guns," he barked. The second rifle fell. Hedley grabbed his in defiance.

"Don't be a fool, Hedley," Jim said quietly. "I can fire before you even take aim. Want me to prove it? One . . ."

At the count of two the third gun went down.

Jim walked around the jeep, watching Johnny from the corner of his eye. "Back against the jinker," he ordered. They shambled over obediently.



"Into the jeep, Johnny. Let's go."

He flung the rifles into the back, restarted the engine. They lurched into the undergrowth, clawed a way round the jinker. Behind them, three shame-faced men watched them go.

Johnny chuckled. "You certainly can handle a tight spot, Jim." After a pause, he added, "I wouldn't have shot you, you know. I wouldn't have stood for that."

Jim grunted, intent on his driving. He didn't like to think what would have happened if he hadn't regained control, but a funny feeling behind his shoulder-blades sent his foot down hard on the accelerator. Johnny sat beside him, mute. His mild, blue eyes were exploring the surrounding forest as if he never expected to see it again.

Then he stiffened. "I smell smoke. Where do you reckon it's coming from?"

Jim twisted round to look. Far over to the right, smoke rose in a heavy, yellowish column. In the unmoving air of late summer, it rose in turgid billows, dense piles heaving into the clear sky. It was no burn-off. To Jim's experienced eye it was evidently a full-scale forest fire.

Johnny said anxiously, "Looks like it could be over at Gooni Creek. Jim, can we go and see?"

He asked as humbly as a child begging for a treat.

"I haven't much choice," said Jim. "If it is Gooni — and it could be — I should be there."

He cursed to himself. The bushfire could have waited until he had Johnny safely locked up.

"Tessa's at Gooni," Johnny said plaintively. "After I clouted Whitey, she went down there to stay with her sister. I wouldn't want anything to happen to her, Jim."

"I don't want anything to happen to Gooni Creek," Jim said shortly. "Look, Johnny — whatever you meant to do back there — it looks as though we're in this together. You know what parole means?"

"Like bail?"

"That's it. Until we see this fire through, you're on bail. Right?"

The great red head nodded. "Right, Jim."

The fire hadn't reached Gooni Creek, but it was on the way. Catching the first, faint breath of the south-easter, it was moving through the dense tangle of second-growth scrub toward the tiny mill town.

When the jeep drew up, activity had already got under way. A brace of trucks parked well clear of the mill disgorged their teams of cutters who attacked the scrub between the township and the path of the fire.

Near the single row of oiled-timber dwellings, an old man had started a fire-break, and was working in the smoke like an inmate of the nether regions, husbanding the little crackle of flame along a 100 yard front.

Women were moving out of the houses, carrying bags fixed to sticks. The scene was as ordered as a battlefield. The people of Gooni Creek had fought fires before.

Jim unlocked Johnny's handcuffs and he sprang down without a word, found an axe and went to join the break-cutters. Jim found the foreman near the mill, directing another team into the fight, and hailed him. "Where would you like me, Bert?"

The man looked up, surprised. "You, Jim? I thought you were —"

"Bringing in Big Johnny. Yes. But this is more important."

"What did you do with him?"

Jim jerked his head toward the place where the giant was felling a two-year sapling with tremendous strokes of the axe.

"His girl's here," he said. "I gave him parole."

"Pity it had to happen," said Bert. "He's worth two ordinary men. What did he want to do it for?"

He handed the constable an axe, and they joined the fighters.

It was growing hard to breathe, difficult to see. The light breeze blew smoke ahead of the flames, blacking out the sun. The air about them, volatile with eucalyptus was dangerously near spontaneous combustion. The least spark would set a whole tree off, like a Roman candle.

Then the main front of the fire roared in at them and the world narrowed down to the ache of flailing arms and the agonised drag of heated air through laboring lungs. Now and then someone thrust a water-bag under his nose, and he drank, snatching a respite no longer than the weary drawing of a blackened arm across his sweat-drenched face. Then he went doggedly into the battle again.

(Continued on page 77)



"Come, now, baby. That's hardly the place for a travel agency to tell a man to go!"

MOMENT IN SOLITUDE



A girl's free to indulge herself when no one's around—to stretch and purr and pose . . . and maybe make eyes at herself in the mirror—just to keep in practice. The touch of satin, the whisper of chiffon—quiet, now: don't disturb!



LOST SOUL ON THE ROAD TO HELL

By KEN WELSH

THERE were always tourists from that other part of town, that other part where people live the good life. The nine-to-five, bath-every-night, mow-the-lawn-on-Sunday bit. They didn't interest me. They were just a necessary evil. Well, maybe not necessary, but they brought money with them. A man has got to make some concession to his soul when it comes to eating.

Anyway, when the scene became a bit of a bore some of them made for an interesting highlight to a drab stretch. You'd be surprised at the number of nine-to-five lassies who flip when they see a beard. And the men were the same, but in a different way.

They came down to the swinging part of town at midnight after all the good people had gone to bed, their hearts pounding at the differences they saw, their little minds feeling twisted and confused as one part said we were no good and bums and queers and leeches — and the other part wishing, oh, wishing so hard, that they could be like us, care-free, happy and beat. The deepest and most secret part of their psyche.

But they shrugged it off as a joke and instead condemned and laughed and criticised and next day told their friends in the air-conditioned office, where they worked and wasted their life away at the boss' expense, about the kooks they saw downtown last night. And the friends guffawed with good naturedness (not always sincere) slapped them on their good fellow backs and told them they were pretty wild chappies for going to *that* part of town and asked them did they get any. (The free love bit. They reckon it happens all the time.)

Then the wild chappie would smile like a secret man and go back to work and when he'd look up from his desk he'd see one of his friends looking at him and the friend would wink and the chappie winks back and the deepest, most secret part of him would swell up and say, "Man — you're a wild, wild kid!"

And that gives you a blessed insight as to who Johnny (me) is . . . or used to be. I was the secret part of all those who used to laugh — very quietly, because they were afraid — when they saw me.

So there's the start of it all; right off you know what I think of the "good life". It's not for Johnny. So I'm left with this question I keep asking myself. Why did I tangle with them? Because I'm pretty close to being one of them, you know, man . . .

(Continued on page 24)



The good life, they call it.
The one, man, with frosted glass
windows and iron bars of security,
progress, conformity, money



"My time is very valuable, Miss Twilby! Are you or aren't you that kind of a girl?"



suppose. People never seem to fill them out properly. Name?"

"Scanlow."

"Full name!" He was irritated already. Man, I thought, I'm glad I'm not a woman and married to you.

"John Edward Scanlow."

"How do you spell it?"

"J . . . O . . ."

"No, no — Scranton. How do you spell Scranton?"

"Scanlow . . . S . . . C —"

"All right then, Scanlow. How do you spell it?"

"I was just . . ." What was the use? "S-C-A-N-L-O-W . . ."

"Funny name." He was interested in something. Funny names.

"Yes. You see, my father . . ." He wasn't interested in my family heritage, and the beady eyes registered boredom before the first sentence left my lips.

"Address?"

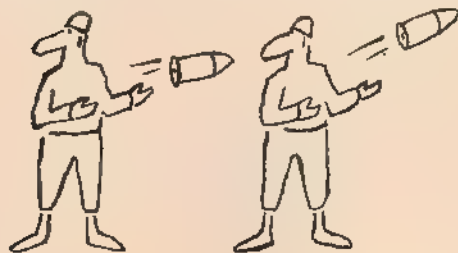
"Nowhere at the moment. I'm just on my way to the Salvation Army hostel."

"You're new in the city?"

"Yes." Easier to say yes than try to explain.

Anyway, if I did explain, somehow, someone might find out that I owed a one-third share of a fortnight's back rent.

"Salvation Army hostel, then." He wrote laboriously. "Next of kin?"



impossible."

"You only have to write a letter and enclose five or ten shillings."

I shook my head and leant forward confidentially. "I'm unregistered."

"Unregistered?"

I bit my lower lip self pityingly. "My mother was too ashamed to register me. I'm a bastard!"

I reached over, picked up the half-completed form, screwed it into a ball and bounced it off his shiny head.

He looked at me with confused hatred, and, unable to cope further with the situation, turned and entered his office to once again become a black shadow behind the frosted glass. I walked out of the employment agency.

That's all half the world is, I thought. Black, murky, unidentifiable shadow!

I walked the rest of the way into town and booked into the hostel. I lay on the bed and wondered what the next day would bring. The next day had always been a good time in my life. The next day. The future. That's what living is all about. What's going to happen next!

I figured it was time I took stock of myself so I tried to work out exactly what my immediate aims were so I'd have something to go on.

First thing, of course, was the writing bit. That's what I was. A writer.



9068-1

Mother, father, brother or sister."

"None." Never did like putting other people's names on forms.

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Anyone related? The space has to be filled."

I was thoroughly sick of this. "No — no one."

The little man put his pen down and sighed deeply. "This is irregular." Poor little chap. I'd put a spoke in his cogs. His machine couldn't turn any more because there'd be a blank space on his precious form. "Have you got a birth certificate with you?" He picked up the pen again.

"No."

"Before we go any further we must have a birth certificate."

"But that's impossible," I said. "I haven't got one."

The little man looked away from me and sighed again as if he was putting his personal curse on everyone who dared enter his little domain without a birth certificate.

"Well you must apply for one, sir."

He said the word "sir" with sarcasm and I wondered why he bothered to say it at all, because sarcasm sounded pathetic coming from this bored person. "You must apply for one," he said again. "From the Registrar of Births in the city in which you were born."

Oh, you poor little twit, I thought. I'll lighten your day for you and give you something to talk about when you go home to your sausages and mashed potato and television set. "It's still

Simple, straight forward, clear cut and no side tracks about it. I was a writer and *would be* a writer. That was my aim, so anything I did obviously had to further that aim.

What I *needed* to further the aim was about \$400. With this, living the way Mac and Randy and I had been living, I could exist for a year. And there were the occasional short story sales. They covered drinking money (or part of it.)

The next morning I took my one and only and much abused suit to an on-the-spot dry cleaning service and had it done while I waited. I went back to my room and dressed myself up, shaving off the beard and in general turning myself into a "sociably desirable person".

Three hours later, after a devious conversation with an advertising production manager during which I explained that for the last year I had been "writing a novel" and had now decided to quit philandering and get back to the business of living. I was placed on staff under the supervision of the said production manager as a copy writer at a commencing salary of \$50 per week, said salary to be raised to \$70 per week if I proved to be a "creative and functional writer" after a trial period of one month.

For a fill-in job, it was ideal. It wasn't a strict nine to five kick, the office was as pleasant as an office can be expected to be and my fellow workers were tolerable or reasonably so.

I passed the month trial period and,

as promised, was put on to \$70 per week. It was good loot and I was putting 20, 30 and sometimes 40 away towards the day when I'd gain my freedom again.

It didn't take long for the job to get me down, though. It really started to push one day after Jack Langden (guy I worked with) and I had just finished morning coffee (institutional constitutional).

"You finished the copy on the Weavemaster account yet, Jack?" I asked.

"Whose . . . ?"

"Weavemaster. Hundred words. Next Tuesday's evening paper."

"No, not yet."

"Boss asked me for it."

"So who's he?"

"Are you flat out on the other stuff?"

"No . . . just can't be bothered."

"Jack, it's gotta be done. Give it and I'll do it for you."

"I'll do it, Johnny, I'll do it. What's the rush?"

"No rush."

It just seemed fair and square to me that if the bossman was paying us we might as well do the job we were being paid to do.

Jack came over and slouched all over my desk. "Look, Johnny, I'm not trying to preach to you, but what's the point? What's it matter if we don't do it until the last minute? Payday comes around anyway. You got to look at it philosophically. Copy writers are hard to come by. We're copy writers. They want us. If they sack us we can get jobs anywhere *because* copy writers are hard to come by. And they don't want to sack us and I don't give a frozen fig if they do. There's no point in busting your gut, Johnny. We've got it made." Jack smiled and went back to his desk. He put his feet up on it. "You know? I'm sick and tired of this muck."

"Why do you do it?"

"Where else can I get 60 or 80 bucks a week for sitting on my fat?"

"Good point, Jack," I said. "Good point."

You hypocritical bastard I thought. If you don't like the work why don't you shove off? Self deceit was something I didn't dig. It made everything pointless. What use is a man to himself if he hates the work he's doing and yet won't leave it for something he enjoys doing? You crud, Jack, I thought. Why don't you find out what you want to do and go out and do it? Perhaps then you'll find something evident about yourself apart from your ability to evade yourself and waste your life.

I loathed the work I was doing too, but I loathed with a purpose other than cynicism. I knew what I was doing, why I was doing it and where I was going when I'd achieved that purpose.

I went home that night (I'd taken a room in middle-class suburbia) and looked at my bank book. I had \$350. I looked at the figure and two things hit me. One good, one bad.

The good one — in another two weeks or so I'd be able to get back to Hipsville; the bad one that life had become completely predictable . . . the kicks of wondering what was going to happen tomorrow had gone.

I needed to be back with crazy, do-nothing Randy and mostly-drunk Mac again.

I got to wondering. Now, how many more pages of the big one has Randy done? I'd been gone for three months, so at his average of about a page a week that'd be 12 pages.

(Continued on page 79)



"Don't touch me, he'd bite your hand off . . . just toss me the ring."

A PLACE TO GO

Going overseas—but short of cash? Here's where

ON a pink-washed wall overlooking France's Route Nationale as it passes through the sunny little town of Orange, is chalked in English the slogan "On no account do as the man suggests!"

It couldn't be in a less effective place, for this is the road to the Riviera, still the shickest, smartest and most exciting place in the world.

The professional pooch-poochers have been trying for years to tell everyone that the Riviera is "out"; that it's socially dead and simply overrun with tourists, my dear.

Okay, it's got a lot of tourists. But it's the only place in the sun where you can still rub shoulders with celebrities, beauties, millionaires . . . and not have to be a socialite yourself. All you have to know is where to look.

Take Saint-Tropez, San-Tropp for short. It's the *only* place to go in Europe if you're young and impoverished. It was a sleepy little fishing port when it hit the headlines back in the 50s when Brigitte Bardot made the film "And God Created Woman" there. She fell in love with San-Tropp, and since then she has kept a pink villa there, called La Madrague, on the Baie des Canebiers.

The eagle-eyed girl-spotter can sometimes add a glimpse of this rarest of all species to his collection if he manages to dodge the Bardot dog that sallies forth from La Madrague, looking for photographers to chew.

If you don't see BB, you'll have to settle for nude-spotting on the beaches.

Secluded Pampelonne (Tahiti) Cove is used frequently as a rendezvous for international nudists — but there's nothing more boring than the sight of so much flesh holding a conference. The best idea is to potter about Les Graniers, which is right at the foot of the Citadel.

This sandy shore is where the smart miss who wants to be noticed does her discarding. They used to parade the streets in their tanned little skins, looking for photographers, but a magistrate who declared that "The scandal of Saint-Tropez and its naked women and scandalous night life is outraging the country!" legislated for a walk in the streets of the town in even a brief bikini to bring an on-the-spot fine of up to £5.

He later fined a girl £50 for padding about the beach at Pampelonne in her pelt — but spoiled the magisterial effect by letting her pay the fine in instalments . . . over a whole year.

In a town where girl tourists outnumber men three to one, where the Nordic blonde mingles with the North Italian redhead and the svelte Slavonic brunette, masses of pulchritude set off every day along the dusty roads to the beaches, thumbing for lifts in sports cars.

Most of them are too stony-broke to take the bus, for cash doesn't count in San-Tropp. Landladies cheerfully let five couples share one small apartment — so even if it costs \$200 a month, the cost per day is only 70c.

Under an old tiled roof in the Quar-



One sees such sights in Saint Tropez? Indeed. This girl came on a holiday from London — and got a part in a film, too.

They take their guitars into the water to serenade the girls of Saint Tropez, full of glamor but cheap for holidays.



TROPPO

to get value for money!

tier de la Ponche, four people have been known to share a single bed by an arrangement whereby two of them sleep for four hours, and swap over for the next four.

However, if money's not your problem, time your visit to the Riviera to coincide with a Cannes Film Festival. This is the kookiest time of the year on the glamor coast.

With hordes of famous names present, all a starlet can do to make her presence felt is be an exhibitionist on a grand scale. The eager sight-seeker might be lucky enough to hit a vintage festival, such as the one where starlet Elaine Hogarth started the ball rolling when she flipped out of her bra and paddled into a tiled outdoor fish pond.

A grim-visaged security man plunged after her, tripped and fell face first into the knee-deep water as the giggling Elaine dodged away. But in pursuance of his duties, he nabbed the squealing starlet and plucked her from the pool.

The party got tougher as the Festival fun went on. Riviera journalist Carlo Bouchard wrote, "That such un-

restrained behavior should be publicly flaunted is alarming. Ignorance of convention adds to the glamor of the film colony — but flagrant violation leads to disgrace."

Parties ran round the clock; bosomy blondes went all out to get more than a glimpse from the celebrities, and the handsome bellboys in the big hotels



Here's something again. The bare top look — with an old-fashioned touch of grandmother's bloomers. Such visitations are exclusive to the area.



World-famous figures roam Saint Tropez. Recognise her? Of course — it's Brigitte Bardot, who has a villa there.

Left: Starlets from all over — this is Italian-born Stefania Sandrelli — give a rich appeal to the Mediterranean coast.



There's plenty of excuse
for a man on the loose

A PLACE TO GO TROPPO continued

had a real ball.

The women of the Riviera have always been renowned. When the coast first became popular at the turn of the century, *les girls* were known as *cocottes*, and they cocotted around with only the best people.

When the Duke of Marlborough took his young bride to her first dinner-party at the Hotel de Paris, she spotted a number of her husband's friends dining at separate tables with startlingly beautiful women. She innocently asked who they were, and was startled when the embarrassed Duke told her she must not even look at them. He complicated the matter by adding that she must not look at the men, either, even if she knew them well, for they were in the company of their ladies of joy.

The *cocottes* were in most cases real beauties; many were exceptionally clever and witty — but none was acceptable in the formal world of society.

There are scores of stories about these beauties of the Victorian and Edwardian eras. One of the most famous is the tale about the raven-haired *cocotte* called *La Belle Otero* who came to the casino one night covered with jewels.

The following night, Liane de Pougy, her rival, appeared in a simple white gown without a jewel — leading on a chain a poodle in a gem-studded coat.

Not every pretty girl on the Riviera has had to earn her living as a *cocotte*. In Edwardian times many were employed as mascots by gamblers staking francs by the million at the fabulous gaming rooms and casinos.

The mascots were paid 25 percent of their "master's" winnings . . . and one beauty from Alsace is reputed to have earned \$7000 in a single week.

Gambling is one of the great draws on the golden coast, and it hasn't fallen away any since the days of the Edwardian dandies. It's not long since

the world's richest and most exclusive bridge school broke up after a two-month season. These amazing games were held in the permanent suite in the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo (the self-same hotel where the Duchess met the *cocottes*) belonging to Greek ship-owner Nicolas Nicolaou.

This 50-year-old boss of a fleet of tankers insists on playing bridge with champions to improve his game, no matter what the cost. And the cost is formidable.

Stakes in his private games are \$100 per hundred points. In London's leading bridge club they are rarely higher than \$2.

In his search for experience, Mr Nicolaou invariably loses as much as \$22,000 in a fortnight. Naturally — for he picks only the top players as his guests, such as former world champion Boris Schapiro who once hired a model to pose in the nude to test the concentration of his partner (he never even noticed the girl).

Men as rich as Nicolaou are commonplace in Monte Carlo; their yachts simply clutter the harbor of this jewel in a crown of a coast.

And if you can hire a white tuxedo and avoid the armed security men, you can mingle with the millionaires at the biggest, lushest and most important gala of the Riviera season.

This is the Red Cross Gala, organized by Princess Grace and amply supported by the cream of the Riviera.

Everyone who is anyone attends. The women are there in all their beauty (including quite a number of present-day *cocottes*, because society isn't quite so particular nowadays) and in all their finery . . . tanned by the sun, wearing magnificent creations from the houses of Dior, Givenchy, Balenciaga and Balmain, glittering with jewellery that runs in value to near the million mark.

The men, mainly in white dinner

jackets, mostly smoking cigars, all look as though the \$50 a head they are paying for their places at the gala means nothing to them, or at least as little as the extra money they'll be paying for wine at \$10 a bottle — or losing later at the tables.

The gala reaches its climax in the early hours of the morning under the starlit Mediterranean sky, with cabaret floor shows by artists of the calibre of Sammy Davis Jr.

One of the most fabulous Monte-haunters (not counting Aristotle Onassis, who all but owns the place) was Lady Norah Docker, who once sold lampshades in a Birmingham department store. At 20 she married a director of a chain of wine and spirit shops. He died and left her \$440,000. Then she married Cerebos salt king Sir William Collins, aged 69. He died when he was 70 and left Norah around \$2 millions.

On her yacht, *Shemara*, she inevitably kept \$40,000 worth of dresses, apart from furs and jewels; gallons of pink champagne and enough caviar to feed the Russian army.

At one time she got herself officially banned from the whole principality of Monte Carlo, for behavior to the flag of the tiny monarchy, and to the tiny monarch himself. The ban has since been lifted.

Others on the Riviera roundabout — Marlene Dietrich; the Marchioness of Blandford (a former Mrs Onassis); Princess Lee Radziwill, ex-wife of a Polish prince and sister of Jackie Kennedy, stars galore, like Jayne Mansfield whose statuesque figure in a sheath dress has made many a Frenchman mutter "C'est magnifique" Liz Taylor — an avid sunshine seeker; and all the clans Niarchos, Livanos, Nicolaou, and Onassis.

The list goes on and on . . . there's only one thing to do: come and see for yourself. #



The place is famous for offbeat stunts. Only hairstyles were traditional at the wedding of Dominique Designoux and Robert Pinelli. The guests wore mainly suntans.

Everywhere there's a pretty girl, the photographers are sure to gather to make certain of capturing the local scenery.



"Well, you could say I was made for the part but let's keep it a secret, huh?"

EXCLUSIVE REPORT FROM GREECE ..by LEO HEIMAN

BODY IN THE BAY



The closest to him say the Australian hero was murdered but there are still elements that may never be cleared up.

THE body floated face down off Xilocastron Beach, bobbing gently in the light-green water of Corinth Bay.

The tourist season was over and only a few cars were parked in front of the Xenia Hotel as Andrea Vlachos and his younger brother, Stavro, pushed their home-made boat down the moist sand, rigged up a crude sail and cast sieve-like baskets for prawns and potato-like mussels known as *kokastrakis*.

Stavro first sighted the body about 500 yards off the beach and fished it out with his boat hook.

Andrea reached under the seat, uncorked a bottle of *ouzo* with his teeth and gulped the fiery liquor before handing over the drink to his brother.

Finding a dead man so early in the morning was surely an ill omen and spelled trouble all around.

A veteran of the Second World War, Andrea Vlachos had seen men killed by bombs, knives and bullets, torn apart by explosions or hanged for war crimes. But he had never seen the blunt edge of a six-inch steel spike protruding from a man's neck just under the left ear.

The boat headed back for the beach, while the fishermen crossed themselves and muttered imprecations against evil spirits.

The dead man wore khaki slacks, rope-soled sandals, a bloodstained white shirt and a black leather belt with an ornate gold buckle. An expensive gold watch was on the left wrist.

Inspector Vassili Papagos, acting chief of police at Xilocastron, arrived on the hardpacked beach in front of the Xenia Hotel to question the fishermen and take the body to the local morgue.

A tooled leather wallet containing some \$500 in Greek drachmas and British pounds was in the pocket of the dead man's slacks. No other documents or identifying clues were found.

On September 30, 1965, a two-paragraph item appeared on the back page of *Kathimerini Daily*, Athens' biggest newspaper. Hemmed in between the crossword puzzles and classified ads, it said the police believed the body found off Xilocastron to be that of Mr Harry Howard, a wealthy Australian shipowner and a long-time resident of Crete, who had been missing from home for the past three weeks.

Mrs Lola Howard, the Australian's beauteous Greek wife, was flown to Athens to identify the body.

I was in Athens at that time to cover the street riots and violent demonstrations which accompanied the Greek government crisis, and the Howard story interested me for many reasons - all of them connected with the Corfu gold hoard, a \$15,000,000 treasure dumped by the Nazis in the deepwater channel between Greece and Albania in September, 1944.



The spokesman at National Police Headquarters refused to discuss the case, on the ground that premature disclosures might be prejudicial to investigation by authorities. Officials of the Special Security Section at Akademias Street were more helpful, leaking me a few hard facts off the record.

I took the next plane to Crete, landing at Heraklion airfield in the early afternoon hours of October 1, 1965. There I met Mrs Howard, his business associates and people whose lives he had saved during the war. All direct quotes are made with their permission but I respect the request of those who prefer to remain anonymous.

This is the story of Harry Howard's four lives.

All day long, Nazi Luftwaffe planes had dived to machinegun and bomb the Greek and British ships off Suda Bay in Crete. The Bofors ack-ack batteries on the beach and the heavier 3.7-inch guns deployed along the jagged ridge lining the bay's southern rim kept up an incessant barrage of fire, but could not cope with the swarms of dive-bombers, fighters and high-level bombers of Hitler's powerful Air Force.

The few Spitfires and Hurricanes the Royal Air Force had on the island of Crete in those hectic days were swept out of the sky by an armada of Messerschmitts, flown by the cream of the Luftwaffe. Then the Stuka dive-bombers came over in V-shaped 27-plane formations, to circle at 3000 feet, and peel off one by one, diving with screaming sirens and open flaps at the burning ships in the bay.

The Greek stevedores who had survived the destructive fury of initial attacks fled in all directions. Tugboats, cranes and harbor installations were wrecked past all repair and costly equipment destined for the island's defence went up in flames while the bay was clogged with ships waiting to be unloaded.

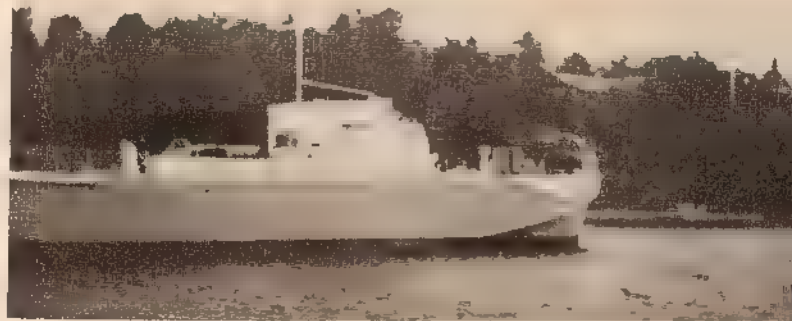
An Australian officer, Major A. G. Torr, then offered to set up a suicide brigade of 800 daredevil volunteers, mostly Australians, who formed human chains from ships to beaches and unloaded drums of fuel, boxes of ammunition and crates of supplies by hand, to be rushed by waiting trucks to the infantry battalions and artillery regiments deployed in defensive positions.

Harry Howard's second life began against this dramatic background so vividly remembered by veterans of the Second World War.

His first life was that of a young Australian who was born in Victoria.

After finishing school and trying to sell insurance, he volunteered for the army and sailed for the Middle East with the 2nd Australian Field Regiment, arriving in time for the Battle of Greece.

Taking time off from hauling goods ashore during a raid on Crete, Howard manned a gun on a sunken naval ship — and brought down a German warplane.



Howard's converted cruiser was found abandoned in Volos Bay by the Greek coastguard. The four crewmen had been given knockout drops and then bludgeoned.

Mrs Lola Howard and her son, Niki. Mrs Howard told Leo Heiman her husband had been murdered, presumably because of his knowledge of a \$15-million hoard of gold the Nazis looted.



All the fascinating intrigue of the Middle East is in this factual account of a Victorian who returned to Greece with knowledge of the position of \$15-million in war-loot gold.

(Continued on page 74)



"You— I mean, NO. No—
I mean, Yes. No! Not you, you."

It's easy to become a Witch Doctor
in an African tribe—if you can
brew liquor, scare crocodiles away
and prove popular with the women

Monsieur Bwana Nganga

By HENRI GIRARD

THE throb of drums pulsated through the velvet softness of a humid tropical night. I was alone in the mud and wattle hut on the banks of the narrow, sluggish river — and playing a strange role for a white man. I was a Bwana Nganga — a witch doctor.

I was not just having a dream. It was for real. And it could happen to any white man prepared to associate with the African natives. The tribe was the Xesumba tribe of eastern Ghana, and I was supposed to bring to it the material aspects of white man's civilisation, which to the members meant bicycles, bottled beer, transistor radios and umbrellas.

Umbrellas were the main status symbol. Chief Zambutsu, the head man of the Xesumbas, boasted 144 of them, of different sizes and colors, ranging from those commonly used by bookmakers through to ones favored by ladies at English tea-parties.

Civilisation was near. All I had to do was to push a button on my radio set, or take a canoe down the river to the nearest bus station 82 miles away — but I was making a lot of money from the tribe. And, if I did appear in one of the big towns of Ghana, the police would be most likely to arrest me — and I had no desire to be put to cleaning lavatories in some filthy Ghanaian jail.

For the hundred-thousandth time I asked myself what in the hell I, a French merchant marine officer, was doing living in this mud hut and associating with these semi-civilised savages.

Just to get away from boredom,
I went with my ex-student to set
up a native still — and back to
a world of the past.

It all began in April 1961, when I answered an advertisement in the *Journal du commerce et de marine* calling for experienced instructors for the Ghana naval college in Takoradi, West Africa. The pay they offered was about twice my current salary as first officer of an old Liberty-type vessel registered in Panama, owned by a Greek resident of Monaco and navigated by a seamy crew of refugee Arabs, Latvians, Greeks and Italians.

The captain was drunk most of the time, so I had to carry the responsibility of keeping the ship running and in order. I suspected that the ship was over-insured, and no seaman has to be told what that means. The sooner it was wrecked, the happier its owner would be. So I was on the look out for another job and the advertisement led me to leaving the ship in Dakar and making my way south to Ghana.

My papers were in order. I was a qualified first mate with six years of experience, which entitled me to command merchant ships up to 10,000 tons deadweight. I made a favorable impression on Mr Krobo Edusei, who was then Minister for Transport





"Where is your 'get up and go', I kept asking him, where is your 'get up and go'? Yesterday he got up and went."

in President Kwame Nkrumah's Government.

Mr Edusei's wife, Mary, became the central figure in a world-wide scandal which erupted a year later when the news came out that she had bought herself a diamond-studded, solid gold bed for \$172,000. It was pointed out that it would have taken her husband about 90 years to save that sum out of his official salary and the criticism became such that President Nkrumah relieved his Transport Minister of his position.

I did not know it at the time, but the gold bed scandal had a direct bearing on my subsequent fate. Having vented his anger on Krobo Edusei, President Nkrumah decided to reorganise the entire Transport Ministry. He invited Soviet Bloc experts to take over. They agreed and also offered to run the Naval College as well, without payment, and train twice as many cadets as did the Western instructors.

What really clinched the deal was the fact that President Nkrumah had to pay his Western instructors salaries, overtime, food and housing allowances and special holiday bonuses. The Russians, however, not only agreed to provide instruction without charge but also hand over expensive equipment, books and uniforms as presents from Moscow.

I did not worry about the political angles — it was obvious they were also out to indoctrinate the unsophisticated naval cadets with communist ideology — but I did about what would happen to me. I was not surprised when on May 22, 1963 — exactly two years after my arrival in Takoradi — I was informed that my services were no longer required.

The Ministry gave me three months' salary in lieu of severance pay and an airline ticket to Paris. Together with the money I had saved while working as a naval instructor, I had about \$8000 in cash — more than I had ever had at one time in my life.

But I knew that it would not last long once I hit the French capital and

started living again. Most of it would disappear on drinks, women and horses — and what then? Again I would have to go looking for a first mate's posting aboard some freighter, hoping that eventually a skipper's job would turn up.

If I wasn't keen on the sea, why then did I take it up as a profession? The reason is that I was offered a scholarship at the Cherbourg Maritime Academy and would have been foolish to turn it down. Also I was married to a quiet, obedient, modest, patient and good-looking girl.

Or so I thought, when in 1956 I left her for my first voyage. It lasted much longer than had been anticipated. I wired my wife from Mexico that I was being rerouted to Japan and would be away for another six months. But, while in Bilbao, another ship of the same line became short of officers, I

was transferred to it and arrived back in France within two weeks.

It was the same old story of a sailor coming home and finding his wife in bed with another person. Maybe we French are broadminded about such things — or so the world thinks — but I am not. I was just the slob who brought the meal ticket to be punched by a scheming little bitch.

I really lost my temper. I tossed both of them out of the window, and I did not even bother to work out if they were decently dressed or not. Luckily, there was lawn one floor below and they were not injured — but they had to run around to find a place to hide.

The neighbors rang the police who came in a closed van, picked up the two and then me on charges of assault and battery and creating a public disturbance.

The judge fined me and told me to get away from the town as soon as I could. But my ship had sailed without me and I had to sign on the old Panamanian registry tub, after getting a divorce from my wife.

So here I was — having served on other ships — divorced and disenchanted at the age of 35, without roots or a fixed place in society, first mate on a battered old tub which was likely to sink under me.

I was drinking tepid beer in the Tshantas Tavern in Accra, contemplating my future, and brooding over my past. Oddly enough, I was thinking of my past term as instructor at the Ghanaian naval college when a heavy hand touched my shoulder.

It was Kundu Matoka, one of my former students. He told me that the Russian instructors had booted him out after he had taken some copper tubing and aluminium sheets from the stores. They would have made it a police case, but wished to avoid being involved in domestic litigation.

Kundu was a lean, friendly-looking youth. I asked him why on earth he had stolen the copper and aluminium. He bent down and whispered that his father, a grocer in Gambaka village, on the Red Volta river in north-eastern Ghana, wanted him to build a still for making a particularly noxious and potent liquor known as Gsambutse.

The father had sent him to college, not to learn how to become a naval officer but to pick up enough about engineering so that they could go into



"I covet my neighbor's wife and Ferrari."

the illicit spirits thing in a big way. Kundu admitted that he had been sent enough money to buy the material, but he had lost it all gambling.

"I am no longer a student and I am afraid to go back to the village without the piping and sheeting," he said. "Can you help me?"

Why not? The old tub would be in port for at least two weeks — and I wasn't keen to go back on it, anyway. I had enough money to buy the copper tubing and aluminium needed, and it would be a bit of an adventure, making and running a still.

So on the spot I agreed to go into partnership with Kundu and build his father the fanciest liquor manufactory in Africa. I knew it was against the law and punishable by heavy fines and up to five years in prison — but I was fed up again with the sea, my broken marriage and the failure to get much out of life.

We spent the next two days buying the necessary equipment and an old Dodge truck to take us to Gambaka, across 950 miles of jungle, bush and swamps.

By August, 1963, we had the still going full blast, with the liquor pouring out and the money pouring in. We deducted my initial investment off the top and split the profits three ways. But, like all good things, it could not last.

In September, the bush telegraph buzzed with the news that inspectors of the Alcohol Tax Unit, with a squad of tough Ashanti police, were on their way to raid our still.

We disassembled it in a hurry, hiding the equipment in the hollowed-out trunks of old trees. The boilers, casks and drums we filled with water and sank in the river. Everything could be salvaged when the heat went off, and neither Kundu nor his father were worried.

But I was. I had now overstayed my residence permit in Ghana and the cops would be very suspicious if they found me in a native village.

So that night I set out in the direction of the Togoland border, accompanied by two guides from the Xesumbu tribe, who were steady customers of ours and absorbed enormous amounts of the fierce Gsambutse.

But the two guides led me up their garden path. Instead of taking me into Togoland, from where I could find a ship, they dropped me off at their village.

The whole population of the thatched-hut village lined up to greet me, and I soon knew why. The guides had let it be known in advance that they were bringing the great white magician who made alcohol out of empty oil drums. They cheered, clapped and chanted as I was led along the dusty road to the chief's house. I was their big-time boy.

Chief Zambutsu was seated on a throne of packing cases, covered by leopard skins. Two burly bodyguards held violet-colored umbrellas over his head. He was drinking from a rusty beer can and listening to hot music from Radio Abidjan on his German-made portable set.

"Greetings to the great white wizard!" said the chief, holding out his hand, palm upward.

"Greetings to the great chief of the Xesumba," I replied in Swahili.

He came to the point right away. "Can you build us a machine to make Gsambutse?" he asked.

I shook my head. I did not want to be involved again in a business like this. It was too risky. But he grunted and bent his fat form to pick



"I wish you'd tell your friends we got married in Europe instead of saying you married abroad."

up another rusty tin. He rattled it and held it out for me to look into.

Inside were a dozen rough diamonds. I had no idea what they would be worth, but I recognised them at once as diamonds and big ones, too. Greed must have shown in my eyes, for the old, fat and grizzled chief smiled.

"I am aware of their value, white brother of mine," he said. "We sell them across the border to Indians, who not pay much. In the world, they are worth much. You can have these, and more, if you build us the drink-making machine and do some other things."

"Other things?" I asked warily. "Such as what?"

The chief pointed to the narrow river, on which a number of logs floated slowly down stream. He said something to one of his bodyguards. The warrior picked up a stone the size of an orange, inserted it in a rawhide sling, whirled it a few times around his head and let go. It hit one of the logs and it turned over.

It was a crocodile, about 12 feet long.

The old man then explained that the diamonds were found in the banks of the river. But his people would not dig for them because of the presence of the saurians.

They did not fear attack so much this could be beaten off but the crocodiles were actually the evil spirits of dead juju men who became angry if they disturbed the water. And so on. I had heard a lot of such superstitious nonsense from other tribes.

These black people may be getting their independence and running their own governments but, believe me, it will be many years before they can free their minds of all these ancient mysticisms.

The chief had handed me a problem, all right. Diamonds — worth a fortune, possibly — in exchange for getting rid of the crocodiles. I had no rifle — but even an emplacement of machine guns would not have kept the monsters away. And I also had the uneasy thought that if I walked out on his request maybe they'd feed me to the crocodiles, to appease the evil spirits or something.

I then recalled having heard of an old French hunter in Dakar talk with authority about crocodiles being extremely sensitive to underwater concussions. He had captured many of them by exploding grenades in their midst and tying them up while they were unconscious.

Trouble was I would need all the

grenades in the Ghanaian army to keep the crocodiles from approaching close to the bank. It had to be done without explosives — and I then got the idea, inspired by the still, to rig up a boiler to send jets of steam under pressure down to the muddy bottom of the river. These would produce bubbles. I had to make noise as well, but maybe that was just another technical problem I could solve.

I shook Chief Zambutsu's hand and agreed to make anti-crocodile magic.

For the next five days, the Xesumba tribesmen deployed in their canoes to collect oil drums, broken exhaust pipes, wires, sheets of corrugated iron and any kind of junk they could lay their hands on.

We set up one of the steel barrels on a tripod over the river bank, filled it with water and built a fire beneath. Steam from the barrel escaped through a corkscrew pipe into the second drum, emplaced at water level, and built up under pressure.

At 30-second intervals I released a homemade valve and let the jet of steam escape through the exhaust pipe along the bottom. At the pipe's open end I had fastened two sheets of corrugated iron. The steam jet rattled there before sending a protracted gurgle across the river.

I don't think the crocodiles were too scared of my device. A few even came up for a closer look. But I suppose they did not like the racket which went on around the clock and disturbed their peace. In a few hours, the stretch of river opposite the weird-

looking contraption was clear of crocs.

I told the chief better and bigger anti-crocodile machines could be built if equipment were available. He promised to send his men to buy real boilers and pipes, but there was a problem of transportation. Big equipment did not fit into canoes and could not be manhandled along the jungle trails.

For the next three weeks, I built my hosts three more anti-crocodile devices out of old barrels and exhaust pipes, and a primitive still to brew stinking Gsambutse which the tribesmen liked very much.

In the meanwhile, they took advantage of the crocodiles' absence to dig up the banks and pan them for rough diamonds. The rusty tin can which the chief promised to fill reposed in his hut.

I was due to leave with my hoard of diamonds after the New Moon ceremony scheduled for October 29, 1963. Two days before that, an event took place which changed my entire life and kept me in the village for another year.

After working all day on the still, I retired to my hut at night and fell asleep on the soft straw mat. I woke up with a start. My first thought was that a panther got into the hut and was going to bite through my throat.

But then I felt the soft touch of a woman's hand. I reached out for my flashlight and flicked it on. It was one of the chief's wives.

"Take me, O Great Nganga, O

Father of Wisdom!" she whispered

It was a hopeless situation either way — I could see that much. If I beat her up and pushed her out, she would scream and complain that I had dragged her by force into the hut. And if the other way, she would not be able to resist boasting to the chief's other wives. The enraged tribesmen would certainly toss me into the river, away from the anti crocodile devices, with my intestines wrapped around my neck.

"Wait a moment, O stupid woman!" I told her, "I am under a juju spell tonight."

When she heard the word juju mentioned, she uttered a shriek and fled. But to my great surprise and amazement, she nagged her husband the chief about having a child by the Great White Wizard. When he agreed, the other women demanded equal rights.

Chief Zambutsu had no choice but to consult the tribal sorcerer, Mantuku Gdeleh. They agreed that a new generation of wizards, warriors and witch doctors was basically a sound proposition. On the other hand, they could not allow this without losing face. They decided therefore to treat the whole business as a religious ceremony on behalf of Malutsa, the spirit of life and procreation.

The women would be chosen by the tribal council according to seniority rights and their standing in the community. I knew nothing of this decision.

At dawn of the day of my scheduled departure, the tribal sorcerer began a monotonous chant, and kept it up so long that I woke up and grew uneasy about the whole business. Perhaps they decided to sacrifice me rather than let me go?

The dull red ball of sun had just risen over the eastern skyline, but it was still refreshingly cool in the forest clearing where Mantuku Gdeleh stood on a log, chanting and howling like mad. He was a powerfully built man of about 45, naked but for a skein of leopard tails around his hips.

His body was painted over with diagonal red stripes and he thumped the hollowed-out log on which he stood with the butt of his masagai spear. Two pretty girls stood on both sides of the log, clapping their hands and contorting their bodies.

Gdeleh saw me coming, "The spirits have answered my prayers," he cried. "This is the man they send."

By that time most of the village, including children and dogs, had gathered in the clearing. I remained standing.

Gdeleh pointed to one of the girls and then to me. The implication was obvious. I wanted to make a dash for it, but was not game enough.

"The spirit of Kamuza, the guardian of the river, says either you are a real Bwana Nganga or an impostor. If you are an impostor, Kamuza demands your death," Gdeleh shouted. The girl smiled at me.

There was no way out. I was given a schedule and instructed in the savage Malutsa ritual. For each ceremony I was paid a rough diamond the size of a pebble. The trouble was that there were more than 200 women in the tribe.

I was given the status of a god. The food was simple but good and the stockpile of diamonds was growing steadily.

Gdeleh initiated me into the secret rites of Juju (black magic) and Nganga (white magic).

(Continued on page 65)



Birth of the Bubbles



IT'S been called vivacious, vital, effervescent, heady, the joy of life, the king of drinks, the greatest wine the world knows, Champagne, of course — bubbling, sparkling companionable, seductive: a drink for all, any time.

Why more costly than other wines? Because it is expensive to produce. Champagne has two fermentations, the second producing the famous bubbles. In the traditional wine-making process, each bottle is handled more than 200 times before it reaches the market.

Champagne is made from a top quality white wine. To this is added the "Tirage" liqueur, which sets off the secondary fermentation in the bottle, the cork having to be clamped down.

When this is over and the gas has been absorbed into the wine, the sediment is carefully removed by a long and involved process, disgorgement. The bottle is then topped up — with perhaps a trace of sweetness added — and, after a further settling period, is ready for sale . . . to toast an engagement, a wedding, a baby; launch a ship, christen a yacht, accompany a meal, celebrate any event. Or just because it's champagne.



"They certainly don't make them the way they used to... thank heavens!"

THE BEARDED ONES



A lot of young men are deciding that suburban life is throttling — so what else is offering?



A FEW years back, a man with a dark beard, long hair, bare feet in thongs and a broad-banded sweater doing his shopping in a Sydney suburb would have produced stares and even the occasional snigger. Nowadays nobody cares a damn. They are a familiar sight.

But there is still a tendency to write them off as phoney doing some kind of an act, living in an unreal world. Some of them are, too — but there are a few genuine ones among them, men who have decided that being an individualist and breaking out of the social confines is the best way to enjoy life.

They are part of the wider, more tolerant Australia. They live in a world which is as remote intellectually and philosophically from the average suburbanite's as Alice Springs is from Kamchatka.

It is an experience to meet a real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool nonconformist, a man who runs his own life according to what he, and not society, dictates. He gets what he is after — the true freedom of the individual — and a lot of preconceived notions about what are generally known as "long-hairs" get a kick in their xenophobic tail.

There aren't many of them around — the true ones, that is. The cities

"Religion in its organised form has always to me seemed superfluous. I feel no need to be reassured that when I go, when I die, I will still remain."

"I don't believe in the affluent society's measures to make sure you don't live any more — which mean you aren't vulnerable, you can't be hurt . . ."

A short excursion into the world where a man does what he wants to do, when and how — quite unconcerned by what people think.

By MARTIN LORAN

have more than their share of burns, free-loaders and anti-everythings who try to hop on the intellectual bandwagon, but now and again one runs up against the solid article.

Jan de Zwaan, presently of Sydney, is one of this minority. He's picked what he is convinced is the right way to live and is doing it. The mode of life fits him like a wet-suit.

He does what he wants to do, goes when and where he wants to go, and believes completely in one creed — the right of the individual to complete liberty of action. He's not anti-social but just wants to live his own life without other people telling him how it should be lived.

He is an educated man, a poet, a musician, a traveller and an adventurer and the world he lives in is his own world, not somebody else's. He is, as much as any person can be, absolutely free to follow a personal whim.

And this, he says, helps him become the complete man.

As Australia becomes more sophisticated it is going to harbor a lot more men with Jan de Zwaan's philosophy of life, so we may as well understand what it is. So far, most people look at them in the street, wonder what in the hell it is all about, and shrug off the challenge.

First, he has freedom — genuine freedom. He may, to cosset this personal liberty, up sail on his 32 ft ketch and point for any country which takes his fancy and will allow his mode of individualism. Or he may stay in Australia and take his Master's degree in linguistics; or become a top folk singer . . . or just continue with the sort of existence he likes best.

The right to be able to do what he wants to do lifts de Zwaan from the ranks of the phoneyes. The urge comes from gratifying his own pleasure and understanding better the world and himself. To him, enjoying life is an art.

A lot of young men argue this philosophy over a bottle of wine or jugs of coffee in somebody's pad — and that is as far as they can get. Jan de Zwaan makes it work.

To find out how, I recently spent some time with him — sailing, eating and talking. It went a long way toward explaining what freedom can mean to one man.

Sensual enjoyment — the experience of physical pleasure — plays a large part in his day to day philosophy. His view is that to be a human animal is to desire pleasure and to deny it is to deny oneself. Over-indulgence, however, becomes satiation, which thereupon ceases to be intelligent sensuality. Gluttony is no more sensible than self-imposed starvation because one person may think it is sinful to enjoy



Making guitars. "Music is an intense emotional experience . . . pure technique is a shell, empty inside."

Jan de Zwaan at the tiller of his 32 ft yacht — one of his passports to absolute personal freedom. He lives life as he pleases, ignoring outside influences.



food other than as body fuel.

de Zwaan says he has the same attitude toward all pleasures, including sex. "You must experience it to be alive, but you must keep it within limits," he says. "Enjoyment is the prime source of life because the difference between myself and a stone is that I can enjoy it and a stone cannot."

In the best traditions, de Zwaan is against intolerance in any form. He hates anyone setting up a system of values and saying that, as it works for certain people, it must work for everyone and everything. He calls this "playing God".

"The Germans had it with Nazism and I see every other *ism* and creed trying to do the same thing. I don't mind their views. What I dislike is their intention to make sure that everybody else has the same ones. I'm not trying to press my views on anybody and I hate the person who has the

temerity and arrogance to think that he has all the answers. This is a sin, if there is a sin."

With a dark beard over a face that resembles that of a 17th century musketeer, Jan de Zwaan looks the part of the modern rebel against society, the free-thinker and free-doer. He also has a vehicle to express this freedom — a 32-ft Bermuda-rigged ketch named *Beatrice*. It gives him a sense of control over his future movements and excuse to go where he pleases—maybe across the Pacific, perhaps to Japan, perhaps on to Europe. With the yacht moored in Rushcutter Bay, he knows that he can never literally be tied down.

de Zwaan is an expert yachtsman, which he regards as one route to being the complete man in his personal philosophy. In his search for this he only takes on tasks which give him

MAN

(Continued on page 80)

Not much ability, but bags of ego—enough to believe this beautiful woman loved him for his brilliant self

A CELEBRITY AT LAST

By CARL RUHEN

ALL right, I might look a bit shabby — holes in my shoes, cuffs frayed, shirt not as clean as it should be. But, hell, let's face it, there's just about enough each week to pay the rent, buy a little food, cigarettes, an occasional beer or two.

I didn't mind living on the dole, as a temporary sort of an arrangement, only for as long as I was out of work and Charlie Verry kept saying that he was trying to line something up for me — "Honest Injun, Gil, there's something brewing, just hang on for a week or two; be patient".

You see, I'm a genius. Prince of the footlights, watch-out-Brando-here-I-come, Gilbert Feky, that's me. Only I was out of a job.

Gilbert Feky, the actor. There I am in all my five-feet-nine majesty, good looks, a deep resonant voice and all the presence in the world. Add a little class, mix well, and what have you got? You've got yourself the poor man's Olivier, that's what you've got. But, so far, I had only managed to land bit parts in one or two minor television productions.

Like that weekly hour-long crime series produced in Melbourne a year or so ago: "Family Crime Theatre". I had a splendid part in that one week. The second hoodlum from the right in the big beating-up scene. It only lasted for about 30 seconds but I put everything I had into it, everything, sincerity-plus: eyes narrowed to mere slivers of steel, hat pulled down over my forehead, mouth twisted until it was hardly there at all. Oh, if I say so myself, I really *looked* the part.

I remember I said to myself at the time, "Now here is a performance, small enough as it is, that will make people sit up and take notice". They didn't. Even Charlie Verry, my agent, seemed to lose interest. For some time afterwards when I went to see him, he would just shrug his shoulders and give me the old fish-eye.

So, there I was, back in Sydney, out in the cold, just me and my weekly unemployment cheque waltzing down

the boulevards, waiting for another chance to show my worth.

"Drink up. I'll buy you another."

From the way he had been staring at me across the corner of the bar counter for the past half-hour or so, I thought the fellow may have been some kind of fruit or something, though he was rather big and muscular about the shoulders, like a one-time football player. But during the course of my 27 years, I've learnt you just can't be sure of anything these days. Particularly in a place like Kings Cross, where I now was, drooped across the damp counter in the 'Basin Bar' nursing the last few mouthfuls of my beer.

"Thanks, but I . . ." I was going to tell him that I couldn't afford to buy him a drink in return, that I was down to my last 30 cents.

"It's all right," he grinned. "On me. It's my birthday."

"That's terrible."

He flung a handful of coins on the counter. "What's terrible?"

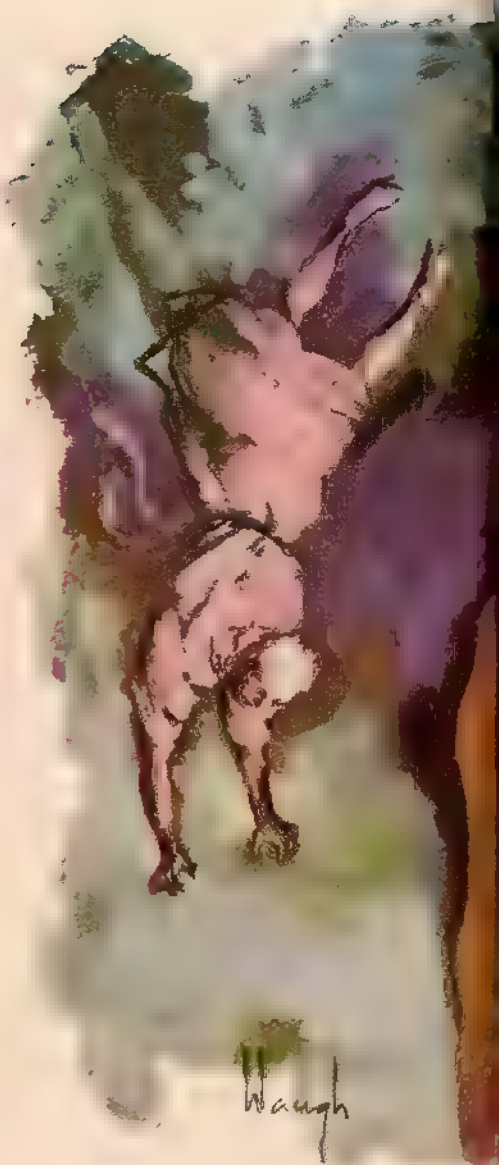
"It's your birthday and you're drinking on your own."

As I said, he was a big man, big and ginger. His face was full and, in another few years, would be jowly. He was about 35 with an easy assurance that indicated he was accustomed to dealing with people. I thought he might have been a salesman of some sort. He had that look about him, particularly when he laughed: the smile never reached his eyes.

"I'm off to a party later on this evening. Just get a few under my belt before I go," he said.

He handed me a beer. I drank, carefully watching the man over the rim of my glass, wondering what his game was.

He finished his beer in three gulps, and threw more money on the counter. "Come on, you're not drinking fast enough," he laughed. He had a deep pleasant-sounding laugh. It seemed he laughed quite a lot, yet his eyes always remained pale and cold. I was as suspicious as hell. I don't think I even



believed his birthday story.

Ginger smiled. He had good teeth. "Say," he beamed as though he had just had a brainwave. "Say, why don't you come along with me tonight? To the party." He grabbed my arm so firmly that some beer slopped over the side of my glass. There was a certain urgency in his voice, a command almost. "Come on, it's my birthday."

I thought about it. The electric clock showed it was nearly ten, a few minutes before closing time. A party. Well, there wasn't much else on the cards. I had no plans for tomorrow beyond cashing my cheque.

I shrugged. "Okay. Why not? If it's your birthday I'll do that much for you."

Ginger laughed again and banged me on the shoulder. "Fine. Fine. You'll enjoy yourself, you'll see. Plenty of girls." He sounded as though he was greatly relieved about something. "The name's Illing, Stan Illing. Stan."

"Gil Feky." I shook a hand that was clammy and soft and which had little clumps of ginger hair sprouting up between the fingers.

The flat was on the fifth floor of a

He'd been waiting for a major role to display his genius.



new block down near Rushcutters Bay. Illing rang the bell and the door opened. The noise rushed out and washed over us, the noise and the animal heat, the cigarette-smoke and the smell of drink, so tangible it all was that I could almost feel it pushing me back across the width of the narrow hallway. We moved inside.

It took me some time to get used to the semi-darkness inside the flat and be able to sort things out in the gloom. There were so many people in there, most of them already half-stoned, screeching and reeling all over the place, more people, it seemed, than the size of the flat could comfortably bear. They pressed up against the walls, spilled out through doorways and jammed up against tables, chairs, anything that happened to be in the way. All of them were drinking and talking at the same time, not listening to what anyone else had to say.

Illing dumped me in the middle of the living-room. "Stay here, Gil," he shouted to make his voice heard above the din. "I'll fetch us something to drink."

Near me, a young girl no more than

18 with a very pale face and lots of straggly, lank black hair, was standing on her own, muttering away to no-one in particular. She was wearing black stockings and dark glasses. Against the wall on my other side, a guy had his teeth buried in a big blonde woman's neck. She was laughing; then, pushing him away, she stepped back a pace and slammed her fist into his face. His glass fell to the floor and smashed into a dozen pieces.

Illing came back with the drinks. "Some crowd in here," he remarked, making a vague encircling gesture with his glass.

"Yeah."

"Good crowd." Yeah. All the small talk in the world.

Someone turned up the volume of a record-player and the Beatles throbbed out, pushing forcefully through the smoke and meaningless conversation. A little man wandered dreamily past, his hair ruffled all over the place. It was hot in there and I wanted to take off my jacket. I tasted my drink. Gin with just a dash of bitter-lemon. A strong drink. Gin as a drink did

things for me, brought to the surface all that was fine and sentimental.

There were all types at that party. There were men in suits, in sweat-shirts, shaven or unshaven; women in slacks and summer frocks. All types. Business types to out and out bums. It was as though someone had leant out the window with a giant net and indiscriminately scooped them all up from the crowded streets below.

I sipped my drink and looked around for someone to talk to. Then I saw her.

There are moments, I always think, that are so memorable; brilliant illuminating flashes in time, so vivid they are impressed on the memory for ever. This was one of those moments, the very first time I clapped eyes on Liselotte Blake.

She was beautiful and, even now as I say it, after all that has happened, I realise I am making one hell of an understatement. Her face was an almost perfect oval, her lips full and sensual, promising everything she had to give, and her eyes—well, her eyes were dark and wild, deep and large.

It came with Lisa—but it wasn't acting. It was murder.

Her skin was olive, and even in the murk of that smoky room, it seemed to glow with a soft yet powerful translucency.

She was standing in a doorway that led off the main room about six feet away, talking to Illing. Or, rather, he was talking to her. She was wearing a simple white cotton frock with short sleeves which, on her, looked hellish expensive and, as I said, she was beautiful—without a doubt the most beautiful woman I have seen in my life.

Illing kept talking to her and there were intent expressions on both their faces. After a few moments, Illing looked up and caught my eye. The next thing I knew, he had begun steering her, his hand under her elbow, across the room towards me.

"Gil, this is Liselotte." She was standing right in front of me, so cool, so assured, smelling like freshly-cut lawns in summer, the fields and banks upon banks of flowers. Ah, poetry. I should have been an unsuccessful poet instead of an unsuccessful actor. I felt so stupid, so clumsy, so inferior. Lumps sprouted out of my body at all sorts of impossible angles, and it seemed, just at that moment, I was the ugliest, most awkward man there ever was.

She smiled. "Just Lisa."

"Lisa," I stammered. "Lisa."

Then we were alone, just Lisa and me. The party didn't exist any more. Everybody, all movement and sound had been sucked out of the flat and all that was left was this beautiful sleek woman with the passionate eyes and mouth, her hair brushed back into a sort of *chignon*, and myself. Just the two of us, the last man and the last woman.

She was wearing no rings on her fingers. I stared at her, wide-eyed,

forgetting the fact that I was already half-pickled. If this was love, I was in it right up to my thespian neck.

She talked to me, her voice low and vibrant with a faint trace of accent in it. Before I knew what was what, we were sitting, just the two of us, in a smart little coffee place just off the Elizabeth Bay Road.

It was one of those chic little dives with subdued rose lighting, contemporary paintings on the wall and odd chunks of weird looking sculpture scattered about all over the place. A fellow in a red and white checked shirt hovered over our table and grunted *what'll you have*, running all the words together, and I ordered two capuccini wondering at the same time who was going to pay for them.

As we drank our coffee, the real Gilbert Feky once more began to emerge: man-of-the-world, dreamboat, I'll old Charlie Boyer me. I allowed my eyelids to droop a little.

She offered me a cigarette and I did the gentlemanly thing with the matches which was about the only thing I had plenty of. I wondered vaguely what had happened to Ginger Stan. I caught a faint whiff of her perfume, delicate and elusive like one of those Chinese wall-paintings and which vanished just as quickly as it had come, leaving only the smell of percolating coffee.

"You're a very attractive man," she said, gazing steadily into my eyes and laying her hand lightly on top of mine. Of course, I knew that, but it was the way she said it that sent my heart off in a frenzy, banging its head against the confining bars of my ribs. "Let's not go back to the party," I heard her saying when I could hear again. "We can go up to my place

and have a couple of quiet drinks. It would be nicer there, no people, and we could really talk."

I breathed a silent sigh of relief when she slipped me a dollar bill under the table to pay for the coffee. "I always like to pay my way," she explained. I protested, but not vehemently, in case she changed her mind.

Her flat was on the top floor of a large block down by the water's edge in Elizabeth Bay. Two large windows dominated the main room and opened out onto a small balcony which overlooked the harbor. The flat itself was very nicely furnished, neither too staid nor too vulgar, just right.

She sat me down in one of the armchairs and brought me a drink. Gin again. She sat down opposite me and crossing her legs, hitched her skirt up above her knees.

That first time with Lisa, the first time we made love, was not, I am ashamed to say, one of my major successes. I was too nervous for one thing, so much so, in fact, that I fear I made something of a fool of myself. Afterwards, of course, when we had become more accustomed to each other's bodies and we were extracting such a great pleasure from them, well that was another story altogether.

By that time I had convinced myself that Lisa and I were made for each other and that I couldn't live without her. She had to be mine; if not, life for me wouldn't be worth living.

Then, one night she told me about her husband.

It was one evening just after we had finished making love. We were both lying back, smoking cigarettes. Lisa began to cry. I asked her, all gentle solicitude, what was wrong. The shock hit me right in the chest dead-centre, when she told me. I wished I hadn't asked. Things had been going along so smoothly.

Peter Blake was a very rich man. Even I had heard of him handing out fists full of money for some charity or another and making sure his generosity was duly recorded in all the daily newspapers. He owned a chain of supermarkets that spread out from the centre of the city to the outer suburbs and he must have been at least 30 years older than Lisa. At the moment, according to the newspapers, he was in America on some sort of business trip.

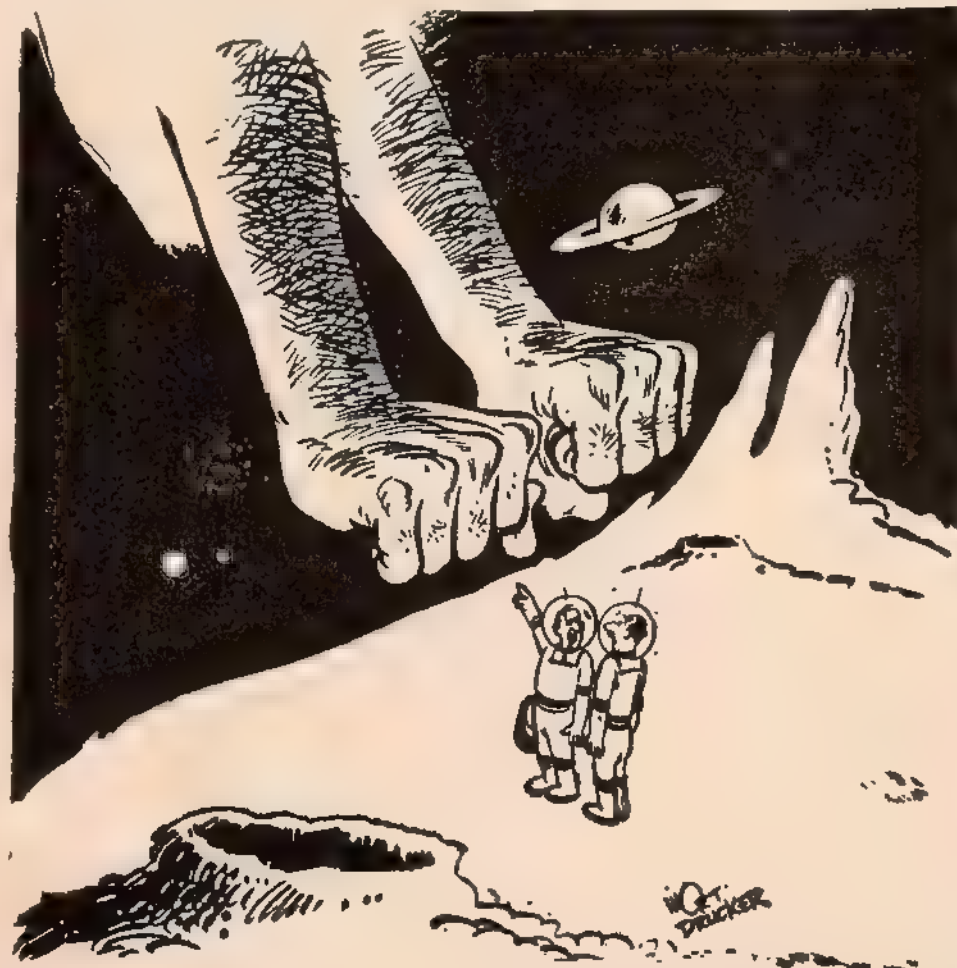
"I should have told you this before." Her voice was husky and I could see the reflection of her tears glistening in the pale moonlight. "Before we became involved." She shook her head. "I wish now we hadn't become so involved, that I didn't love you the way I do."

Oh, yes, she loved me. Her voice rose and fell as she tried to push the tears back down.

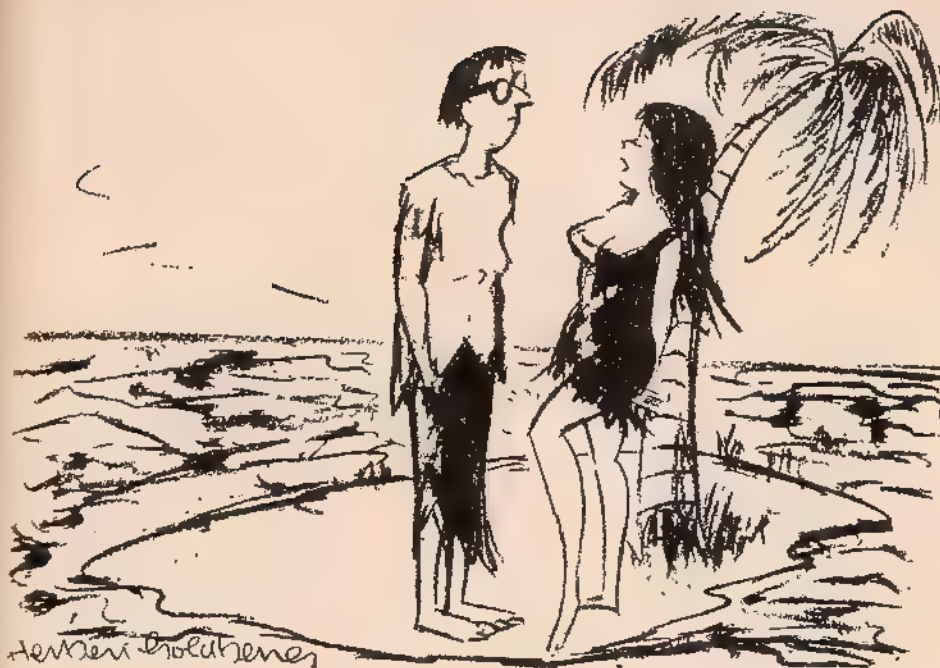
"But what can we do? My husband is coming back at the end of the week and we'll be spending most of the time in the house out past Avalon. Oh, Gil, I honestly don't know how we can see each other again."

"We'll think of something," I ventured bravely. I felt like weeping myself. It wasn't fair. Life was having another sadistic dig at me. I tried to think of what old Charlie Boyer would have done in a situation like this and then I remembered that this was for real.

She ground out her cigarette in the ashtray by her side, then sat upright. "No, Gil, you don't see," she moaned. "You don't see at all. You don't know my husband, how he feels about me. He's so much older than I am, and



"It wants us to guess which hand has the rocket ship."



"How do I know you're a rising young executive?"

men like that, when they're so much older than their wives, become so terribly possessive. It's not funny."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her, if he felt that way about her, why, in God's name, hadn't he carted her off to America with him and then I wouldn't have met her, become so hopelessly hooked. I was feeling angry and bitter.

"I was very young when he met me," she said, very carefully as if I was expected to carry the intelligence firmly, indelibly scrawled on my mind for all time. "In Berlin. We were refugees, my family, and, well, we were very poor. We had lost everything. Peter's first wife had died many years before and he was in Berlin on a business trip." A sad little smile flickered briefly across her features.

"What can we do, then?" I swung my legs over the side of the bed and sat up.

"Nothing," she said wearily. "Nothing at all. You know, if we could, we could get married tomorrow; or, if you didn't want to marry me, I would come and live with you for as long as you wanted me. I love you, Gil. But there's Peter, and he's my husband." She sighed. "I don't think he will die for many years to come. He's too healthy."

"What day is he coming back?" I asked, moving towards the door.

Suddenly my throat felt very, very dry and I wanted a glass of water. I had just had an idea.

And what an idea! A really bright idea, that one, although, the way I saw it then, it was the only workable solution. As I stumbled along the dark passageway to the kitchen, I mulled it over in my mind.

If Peter Blake were to die, meet with an accident, say, Lisa would be mine, completely, 100 percent mine. She had said so, hadn't she? She had said that it was only her husband who stood between us and if he weren't there, well, everything would be all right.

Besides — and let me hasten to add that this thought was only a secondary one — an insignificant detail — Lisa would inherit most, if not all, of Pete's estate.

"You could always run away with me," I said when I returned to the

bedroom, groping about blindly for alternatives.

"He would never rest until he had found us. And he could, too. He has the money."

I swallowed. "Well, what if he were to die?"

"Die?" Her eyes were wide and her mouth a tight little 'o'. "Gilbairt, you can't really be thinking that Peter is going to die?"

"I said 'if', Lisa. If he had an accident. If something happened. Things like that *do* happen, you know, sometimes." I was cool now and my brain was beginning to click along with smooth deadly precision. I think she must have guessed what I had in mind.

"Gilbairt" that was the way she pronounced my name. "Gilbairt, you must not think of anything like that. It's too dangerous." She choked back a sob, gripped my shoulders and laid her head on my chest. "What if I should lose you?" she crooned. "What would happen then?"

"It's only a little risk," I tried to reassure, playing the protective role to the hilt. "And, believe me, I think it's worth it. Surely, you must think it's worth it." I stroked her long dark hair. "It's for a lifetime, my dearest, a whole lifetime."

If it had been a performance, it would have been the finest I had ever given; but it wasn't a performance, which was probably why it sounded so corny.

My mind was made up. I had to go through with it. According to Lisa, Blake was due to arrive back in Sydney from the States the following Thursday. They would probably spend the remainder of that week in their town flat before moving out to the beach house on Friday night for the weekend. It would be best for me to wait until the weekend before I did anything. There would be less chance of discovery out there than in the very heart of the city.

I gleaned one other rather interesting fact from Lisa. Apparently, Blake was in the habit of going for an early morning swim every day of the year. He sounded to me like one of those health nuts. I suppose that was why he was so god-damned healthy and not withering away on his bed with some dread unnamed disease as he should have been doing. Still the point was, he did go for that early morning swim, generally some time between 5.30 and 6, never later, and it wasn't very likely that there would be many people on the beach at that hour of the morning. I patted Lisa lightly on the arm and told her not to worry, everything would be all right. I was as scared as hell.

Then I thought of something else.



"Just itching for an argument, aren't you, Myrtle?"

"Listen," I said, "I don't think you should go out with him this weekend. Just to be on the safe side. Couldn't you find some excuse to remain in town on the Saturday, an appointment or something? Tell him you'll come out later. Just so long as you're not there early in the morning between five and six when he goes for his swim."

She still didn't believe I was serious. She couldn't have done. She kept shaking her head from side to side and moaning softly through her teeth as if we were still making love. "No, no, Gil, you can't do it."

"It's for us," I said finally. "Always remember that. Is there anyone else living in the beach-house?"

She shook her head again. "No." Blake landed at Mascot on schedule. There was a photograph of him in one of the evening papers. It showed a

going to do. I suppose I thought that waiting on the beach all night would be an end in itself - everything would develop naturally enough from there. But it wasn't until I had seen the jog-trotting money-spinner actually in the flesh and blood that the fear was sloshed across my face like a cold dead fish. I knew I couldn't go through with it. Another thing. I certainly wasn't going into the water. It would be too cold.

Blake was wearing a pink bathrobe and sandals. I watched from behind the cover of a dune as he unstrapped his sandals, flung the robe on to the sand behind him, took a couple of deep breaths and began running towards the water.

I watched him frolicking about in the water like a young kid, splashing about with his legs and arms and floating on his back. He was in there

have to look and I hoped he wouldn't scream.

Blake was taking his time about climbing the steps, probably conserving his energy for the day ahead. Above him, the grey light of the morning bounced off the glass walls of the house. There was a faint smell of coffee brewing in the air and I remembered I hadn't eaten since lunchtime the day before.

My mind was made up again. I crept up the steps behind Blake, my rubber-soled shoes fortunately not making a sound. The exercise was beginning to warm me and I could feel the life returning to my body. All the same, I was breathing little clouds of fog. I prayed he wouldn't turn around, see me coming up after him and give the alarm.

Then I remembered Lisa had told me there was no one else in the house. He had reached the top of the stairs and had now started up the pathway.

He must have either heard or sensed something, for he suddenly wheeled around to face me. His eyes widened and I could see annoyance ripple across them. He opened his mouth to say something. That was about as far as he got.

I leaped up the remaining couple of steps with both my arms outstretched before me. He tried to step backwards, he lost his balance and began to teeter on the edge of the pathway.

As my hands came in contact with his chest, his foot slipped beneath him and over he went. He didn't make a sound and I was grateful to him for that. An accident. He had slipped and lost his footing.

That was how it would look. And that was how it very nearly was.

Mine. Lisa was mine. Her face was there again, etched in black against the dull grey sky. Mine.

I straightened and looked up to the house. I was just beginning to wonder if Lisa and I would come and live there after we were married, when I saw him, standing at the top of the pathway. In his right hand was a revolver pointed straight at my chest. A man in a dressing-gown that had white polka-dots on a navy-blue background.

It was Illing.

"Stan," I called up to him. "What are you doing here?" I was frightened again.

"I saw everything that happened," he gritted through his clenched teeth. "The whole thing." His ginger hair was dishevelled, his slightly bulging eyes were cold and hard.

"Hey, Stan, don't you remember me? Gil Feky? The other night, remember? Your birthday party?"

The barrel of the gun was like an eye, an unwavering, unblinking eye.

"I don't know you from Adam," he said, making a slight movement with the gun. "I've never seen you before in my life. Besides, my name is not Stan."

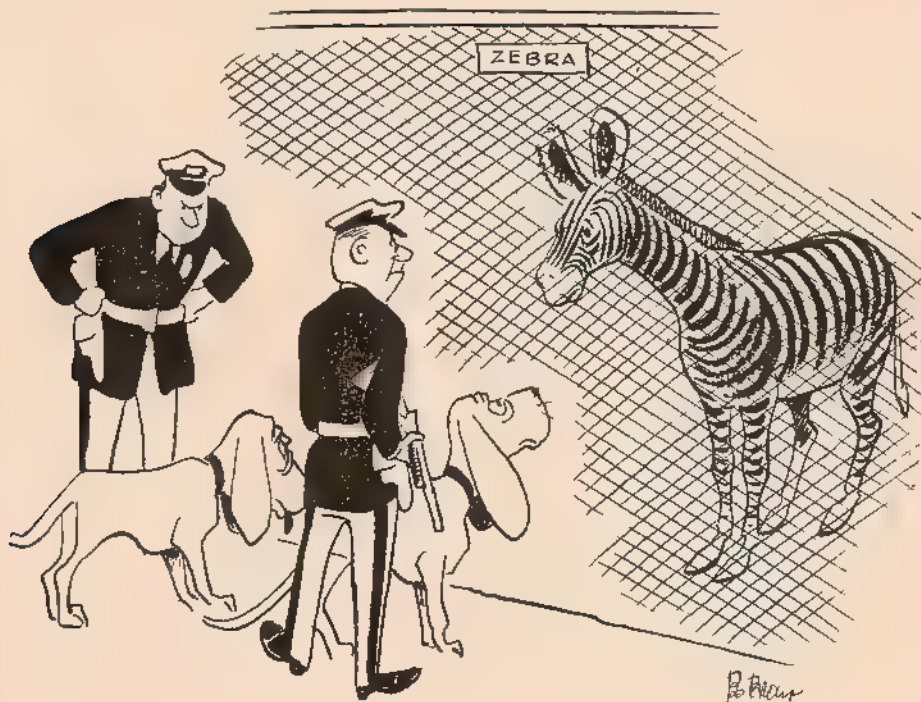
It wasn't, either; nor was his surname Illing.

Lester Barrington was the name he gave to the police when they finally arrived.

He also told them he was Peter Blake's private secretary. Yes, he lived on the premises. He was just about to get dressed after putting some coffee on to boil, when he had noticed a movement through his bedroom window. At first he had thought it was just his employer returning from his regular early morning dip.

He had looked out the window. Seen the way this - this person had leapt upon poor Mister Blake, one of the

(Continued on page 57)



small man, pudgy, with a small, almost feminine mouth, small eyes and a high dome of a forehead which was crowned by a light white fuzz. So that was Peter Ilyich Blake, king of the homespun philanthropists!

Those hours between midnight on Friday and six the following morning must have been among the coldest and longest I have ever spent. I spent them huddled up in the sand dunes trying to keep out of the cold, biting wind and wishing I hadn't hocked my overcoat the month before. But I kept telling myself, as I had told Lisa, that it was worth it, a few hours' discomfort in exchange for a lifetime of bliss. That was the sort of bargain the most avid shopper couldn't pick up in a thousand years.

Lisa's face kept hovering before me; Lisa's beautiful, wonderful face, floating in the darkness above the phosphorescent spume of the waves as they rolled over and crashed down on the beach. I was still seeing Lisa's face, slowly fading against a ragged strip of grey that was widening upwards from the horizon, when I saw Peter Blake jog-trotting down the length of the beach.

It's an indication of the care I took over planning Pete's demise that it wasn't until I saw him just then that I realised I hadn't decided what I was

for nearly 15 minutes.

I didn't know what I was going to do. Lisa's face had become steadily more and more indistinct as the sky lightened. All I could see was the stretch of beach and Blake rubbing himself vigorously with the towel.

I knew I wasn't going to kill him. To put it bluntly, I was too scared, petrified. I was a coward.

Yet, for some reason or another, I followed him back to his house. I don't know why, I suppose it was some sort of numb reaction. I was feeling too cold and miserable to think properly, so I followed him like a sheep.

The house was on the tip of the headland that jutted out over the water. It was long and flat and seemed to be made entirely of glass. To reach it, he had to climb a long flight of wooden steps which ended in a steeply rising pathway. At the side of the path, the cliff dropped sharply away to the rocks and the foaming surf 50 feet below. There was no rail alongside the pathway or any protection at all. It was positively dangerous.

No rail and a 50 feet drop to the rocks below. One little push and Pete would be plummeting down like a sack of potatoes. One little push. It would be easy and quick and not messy at all as far as I was concerned, I wouldn't



"Hi-ya, Mum! Do you mind if I bring home a couple of friends for dinner?"

THE WET WAR

By Robert Laguardia

While man explores outer space,
others are getting ready to
take over the wonderland world
of treasure below the waves

MAN is on the verge of inhabiting the world's last remaining environment — the sunken continent covered by the oceans and the seas.

Plans are well advanced for undersea explorers to set up a community of human life deep below the water's surface.

And not in huge, clumsy metal devices to withstand the liquid pressure but in comparatively flimsy shelters. They will draw air to breathe from the sea itself.

This development is regarded as the greatest breakthrough yet in the desire of nations to inhabit and harvest the vast riches of the submarine land.

Many countries are aiming to this end, most of them secretly. It is known, however, that very soon a US naval team of undersea explorers will tackle the last stage of preliminary experiments in underwater colonisation.

For shelter, they will depend on a thin polyethylene film of plastic, so finely meshed that it stops the water itself from entering but allows in atoms of oxygen which can be converted into breathable air. The men will use the film as a house or wear it as a porous diving suit. The sea will provide them with all they want to eat and drink — and immeasurable riches as well.

In International politics, exploitation of the sea is said to spell out the difference between a nation's being in the lead or losing out in the world of the future. Space, into which science has thrown its efforts, is sterile — but the sea holds the greatest potential for new power and wealth of any area on the world's surface.

Germany's top economist, Dr Fritz Baade, believes that the sea will outrank in importance any future development in atomic energy. Others have said that its potential as a food producer — fish, algae and vegetable life — will save the over-populated world from starving.

But the sea can offer intrinsic wealth, as well as food. It has gold, diamonds and rare minerals — and they should be easier to exploit than those on the earth's surface.

Diamonds, for example, are under the shallow coastal waters of Southwest Africa. A Texas oil wildcatter, Sam



Collins, has already proved this. Operating in non-territorial waters, and on a sea-bottom no nation may legally claim, Collins used a gadget half way between a dredge and a vacuum cleaner. With this, he set about scooping up diamond-rich gravel from the sea floor. Even before in top gear, the device was producing about \$4-millions of diamonds a year. And, literally, the surface had only been scratched.

Such diamonddeering shows the vast potential of the ocean bottom — but the gems are by no means the top prizes to be found. In 1870, a British research vessel, the *Challenger*, scooped up some strange mineral rocks from below.

Chemists who broke them up found they represented a form of mineral "snowball" of accumulated metals: iron, copper, cobalt, nickel and manganese. Oceanographers say that these conglomerates cover the floor of the sea at great depths and make oceanic diamond mining look a poor man's sport. Their value to the modern world is unestimable.

How did these balls of treasure accumulate? Some say they may have been built up from various minerals

Humans will have almost the same freedom as fish as science



through a magnetic or electrolytic attraction. Others say there may actually be a tiny living organism in the sea which "feeds" on seawater and then builds a core around itself with the indigestible minerals. Seawater, of course, contains every mineral known to man — including gold and uranium — in measurable traces

American scientists who have examined the "snowballs" are now inclined to believe that the oceanic floors — more than 22-million square miles — hold metal reserves almost beyond calculations. Estimates range from 200,000 billion tons to 1,000,000 billion tons. An American engineer named John Mero, who was on the staff of the University of California, believes that in the South Pacific, where the metallic content of the nuggets is particularly high, each square mile of ocean floor could yield \$12-millions in mineral wealth

The finest of these nodules lie at 14,000 feet in the middle of the Pacific. The Soviet Union has mapped many areas of high concentration and has been "mining" some of these for seven years, beating the United States to the punch. The Americans, however, are developing huge hydraulic pumps to be used as vacuum cleaners to suck

the nodules from the ocean floor.

The ready-to-gather balls of minerals are not the only source of minerals the sea offers.

Theoretically, it would be possible to get any wanted minerals just by evaporating enough sea water, because traces of all elements are in every drop. Table salt is a good example of a mineral from sea water, and America's entire supply of magnesium has been provided by a single plant, using this process for the past 25 years.

Whether or not experts will one day find a way of making sea evaporation profitable for the mining of rarer metals — such as gold and uranium — is still unknown.

There are also nodules other than the "snowballs" — about a billion tons of phosphates, for fertiliser, off the Southern California coast alone, for example.

And ground that was submerged by glacial movements millions of years ago offers plenty of opportunity for gold prospecting under the sea.

One day, not far in the future — perhaps no more than five or ten years off, according to some estimates — seawater mining will be taken out of human hands altogether.

finds new ways to overcome the problems of breathing and pressure

"Schools" of sea-going robots will exist, only the first few hundred of them constructed at factories. Placed into the sea, these robots will have the capacity to reproduce themselves, and they will do so from the materials at hand - the minerals and chemicals present in sea water.

When "harvesting time" comes, the robots will simply flop themselves up on shore, brought there by an electronic signal from home base.

The father of this startling scheme is one of the world's greatest mathematicians, John von Neumann. Neumann has made invaluable contributions to atomic theory and had more to do with modern high speed computers than any other one man.

Since von Neumann's death, in 1957, his work has been taken up by American physicist Edward F. Moore, among others. The machine that reproduces itself now exists in a variety of forms, one of them at New York University.

Other schemes to get at the minerals in the water have been put forward Dr John W. Graham, of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in America, subscribes to the theory that the bases of a mineral nodule is a one-celled organism which eats sea water and then "spits out" minerals.

If this theory is correct, Graham points out, it should be possible to actually "farm" colonies of such organisms, possibly even "train" them to return to certain areas for the harvesting of the metals.

If the nodules are formed electrochemically, a system of electrolysis should be able to extract minerals on a vast scale.

All this is sunken treasure - just like the hundreds of galleons lying on the bottom of the oceans - but another race is the harvesting of the enormous food potential of the watery continents.

In the late 1950s, some German ship designers tried to sell the Western nations a radical new idea for a fishing trawler. The ship would have its own processing and fish-freezing factory on board, could stay out for months on end without returning to port.

The Germans met with no success. Not only did the system they had designed cost too much to allow for a profit, but it took foolish chances, probably wouldn't work.

Frustrated in the West, the German designers took their ideas to the Soviet Union and the Communists liked what they saw.

They placed orders with the Howaldts Shipyards in Kiel, Germany, for ten factory ships, each of about 3000 tons - stern-haulers with a crew of about 100 men, mainly there to operate the automatic processing plant.

Even before they knew if the first 10 would work, the Reds ordered 14 more. Since then they have continued to build up their fishing fleet with these modern vessels, adding whalers and other specialised models along the way.

The new ships proved their worth in short order. Most overseas trawlers still make trips no longer than three weeks in length - 10 days actual fishing, 10 for travelling back and forth - and they pack their catch in ice.

The German-built ships stay out for months on end; they go to fishing grounds conventional trawlers have never dreamed of visiting (such as the abundantly stocked West Coast of Africa - 22,000 tons of sardines per hour).

The biggest of them hold 1000 tons

of fish, and they process them (including gutting and beheading and processing the waste remains) as soon as caught.

They then send the processed frozen fish back in specially equipped cargo ships while the factory ships stay where they are and keep working.

Reports the director of the Fisheries section of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organisation, D. B. Finn: "The past 30 years have seen progress in fishing that surpasses the 3000 years of history till now. But the years to come will see that same progress doubled and redoubled many times."

Large fleets of floating factories will work the world's oceans for food in tropical, subtropical and arctic waters so far unexploited.

The world's scientists are working on ways to increase the bounties of the sea. At the University of Washington a fish biologist has bred 14 lb rain bow trout, 35 lb salmon that spawn two years ahead of time, and other special breeds - "training" the fish to come back to his laboratory ponds to breed after their maturing time in the sea.



In Italy, careful "farming" in the Gulf of Taranto leads to mussel yields of 108,000 lb of meat per acre.

In England, at the Dover Maritime Laboratory, an oceanographer has taught fish to swarm up in answer to sonar impulses sent through the water.

Sonar is just one of the techniques used to "ride herd" on fish.

Others include "brooms" of compressed air bubbles, which fish will not swim through; and electric fields generated in the water (fish instinctively line up between the positive and negative poles of a pulsating electric current that touches them).

The Russians are planning to "fertilise" sections of the sea (bays and inlets) just as a farmer fertilises his acreage.

An American experiment in this technique turned trout ponds worth three pounds of trout per acre to bonanzas yielding 179 lb per acre.

Plans exist to drop a nuclear reactor into the sea, to warm a section of cold water and make the climate more productive of plankton, leading to a plentiful harvest of plankton-eating fish.

The underwater world is a source of mineral and food wealth - and it could also be the most important base

for attack and defence in the event of a third war.

The US today depends for its control of the seas on the most powerful naval explosive punch in history: the nuclear-tipped Polaris II missiles launched from beneath the surface by atomic-powered *George Washington* class fleet submarines.

Each carries 16 one-megaton missiles - the equivalent of 16-million tons of TNT.

The US aims for 600 Polaris missiles within a few years. This is less total punch than the 1000 land-based Minuteman missiles targeted for the same period by the Defence Department, but adds up to a more dangerous weapons system.

Knocking out a land-based missile presents an enemy with a tough job, the experts say, but he can do it.

Knocking out a mobile undersea missile platform is another matter entirely - a job no enemy can take on, US planners say.

In addition, the US maintains surface units, centring on a carrier-based air-strike force, which packs several times the punch of everything all the navies of the world could put together during WWII.

Additions planned for the next years in this force make up a fantastic aggregation of superweapons. The distinction between land, sea and air warfare, already blurred by the Polaris weapons system, disappears almost entirely.

The Navy's prime anti-sub weapon, the Subroc missile, takes off into the sky from a platform on land, from a plane, from a surface vessel or from a sub.

Subroc hurtles 50 or more miles, its course determined by self-contained computer systems (some no bigger than the size of a man's fist) and dives into the water in the approximate area where intelligence reports have located an enemy sub.

It sits and waits until the enemy sub makes a move, then "homes in" - using built in sonar equipment and more computers - to deliver the nuclear knockout punch with its torpedo warhead.

In a nuclear war, speed of counter-strike takes on astonishing importance.

The US has developed sonar that detects an underwater bandit at 30-50 miles, instead of just a few thousand yards.

A system of miniature, five-pound sonar buoys with transmitters that lets a single plane sound 32,000 square miles of sea is just one of dozens of ways of tabbing submarine activity.

The top-secret field of this research involves underwater radar that "sees" as well as "hears" the approach of enemy subs, just as above-surface radar does with planes.

Current nuclear depth charges - the "Lulu" or the "Betty" variety - kill over an undisclosed number of thousands of yards radius. If the thousand largest vessels in the US Navy came together at a single anchorage the power in just one of these new depth charges could sink them all.

All these actual and projected developments inspire the imaginative to ask what will happen in man's effort completely to conquer this last frontier. A lot has happened - and a lot more will happen.

Here is one example: for four days in September, 1964, four US Navy volunteers lived in the world of 2000 AD, at 200 feet below the surface of the Atlantic Ocean, coming and going on the sea's floor as easily as fish.

(Continued on page 56)



"Thank heavens! I hate drinking alone!"



YE MIRAGE
CONJURER
UPPER

CANINE
DETECTOR

YE
BUDGET

YE
MILK

YE
BAKER

YE
BUTCHER

YE
WORKS

NORMANS
SUPER SELECT
SNAG SALON

THE MOVING
FINGER HAVING
Writ
MOVES ON



"Nip out the side door," he says.
"All the fans are out the front!"



MAN TALK

THE fashionably dressed matron was ushered into the office of the suave businessman. "I've come to ask you to donate to our fund for the rehabilitation of wayward girls," she gushed.

"I'm sorry," the man said, "but if it wasn't for me you wouldn't have a fund going."

THE naive young girl rang the weather bureau and asked, "Can you tell me what will be happening in the mountains this weekend? I'm going there on my honeymoon."

"I thought you'd know," said the weatherman.

THE male customer looked nervously around and then whispered to the salesgirl, "I want to buy a brassiere for my wife."

"Certainly, sir. What bust?"

"I — I don't know. I think it just wore out."

THE duke married a chorus girl and everything went fine until he saw in a Bond Street art gallery a full-size portrait of his wife in the nude. "How . . . how could you pose for a man in that state?" he demanded.

"Aw, come now, honey-bun," she cooed. "I didn't actually pose for him. He did it all from memory."

THE two advertising executives were having morning coffee when the secretary of one — a striking brunette of some experience — wiggled her way past. "Margot dresses well, doesn't she?" said the first.

"Yeah," dreamily said the second exec, who was Margot's boss, "and quickly, too."

THE smart alec television compere was being shaved while a pretty young manicurist was doing his nails. "I'll get you on my show," the TV rake

said, "if you come to dinner tonight with me and then drop into my apartment for some fun."

"I'm married," the girl said. "My husband wouldn't like anything like that."

"Phooey to husbands," the rake said. "What's your husband got that I haven't got?"

"A razor," she said. "He's shaving you."

THE good-living man gazed sorrowfully at the painted hussy who had just stopped him in the street. "My poor woman," he said, "surely you are aware of the wages of sin?"

"Of course I am," the woman replied.

"And what are they?"

"How much have you got, buster?"

THE small boy strayed at the Easter Show and, in the lost children's room was being looked after by an earnest young policewoman. "What's your father like?" she asked.

The kid dried his eyes long enough to reply, "Beer, poker machines and women, miss."

THE new widow came into the pet shop and said she wanted to buy three items to perpetuate her dead husband's memory. "How sentimental of you," sighed the salesman. "And what would you like?"

"A bad-tempered dog to growl around the house at me, a parrot to swear all day and a tomcat to stay out at nights."

THE couple were day-dreaming in the parked car. "If I had a million dollars, know where I'd be right now?"

"Sure I do," said the girl.

"Where?"

"On our honeymoon!"

A SMOKE-SCREEN, PLEASE, GIRLS!

ONCE it was so ma-a-anly, so successful, so distinguished to smoke a cigar — and then there was a reaction. Their smoking sort of got mixed up with the show-off, the political boss and the incipient lurksman. Back in 1920, 269 cigars were sold in the United States per adult male; but by 1950 the figure dropped to 116.

But manufacturers there whooped with joy and put in machines to up the output when medical reports suggested somehow that cigars were safer than cigarettes. Sales boomed in 1964 and then plummeted as cigarettes made a comeback.

Now, in an effort to bring cigars back again, manufacturers are offering new blends, new shapes, artificial flavors, new packages, built-in tips, filter-tips and what-have-you. What they are trying to do most is project the idea that women like men who smoke cigars — big ones, small ones or minia-
tures.

For woman is still the major sales catalyst. If man can be made to believe that his girl-friend likes him with a cigar, he'll buy one. In the 19th century, the cigar was a badge of male authority: no wife was game to argue with a husband who had a *super magnifico* emerging from his whiskers. Nowadays, all it needs is enough girls to sigh, "I love men with cigars." Do it girls, just to help the maker along. He's relying on you!





"Let me put it this way . . . if you were a horse I'd shoot you!"

(Continued from page 50)

Inside a 40 ft metal cylinder, the navy's scientists had rigged up a pressure system that exactly duplicated the weight of the sea's water at depth — six atmospheres, or 86 lb per sq in.

When the men moved from the heavily helium-charged air inside the cylinder—called Sealab I—to the sea outside and back again, they only had to put on or take off a skin-diver's "wet suit" and an oxygen tank.

Because they lived at that same pressure, they didn't have to bother with hard top divers' pressurised suits, or with compression and decompression chambers. Instead of airlocks, a simple port served as exit and entrance.

Living under these conditions, the navy men proved human beings can learn to tolerate and function under the oppressive weight of the sea's heavy pressure. They performed concentrated stretches of first-hand research for hours on end that previous depth explorers had had to hold down to expensive minutes.

By the year 2000, scientists say, these experiments and others recently completed, or on the books, will pay off richly.

Commander George Bond has prophesied true submarine cities, built on the sea floor of thin webs of aluminum constructed in geodesic domes to withstand the pressure from the sea.

Commander Bond, Italy's rocket physicist Dr Galuco Partel and

Russia's marine biologist Dr G. V. Petrovitch have described floating cities, built of interlocking fleets of hovercraft, to form military bases and to provide room for the world's rapidly expanding population.

Cities on the sea's floor would start as prefabricated walls, streets, roofs perhaps whole block units—built on land and then lowered into the sea. Eventually the techniques would exist to do the building itself below the surface, with the aid of robot machinery of enormous size and power. Transportation between cities would call for midget submarines, propelled by jet power or by chemical fuel supplied by plankton from the sea itself.

The cities' heating and power systems would come from nuclear reactors which would warm whole sections of the sea, increasing organic life to attract fish.

Fish would provide such submarine cities with one kind of high-energy food; artificial foods made from sea-sustained algae would supply other kinds, and would also offer enormous varieties in taste and texture—more than nature offers today.

It is estimated by science journalist C. Troebst that one small patch of sea the size of two large cities, properly "farmed," could provide enough marine foodstuffs to feed the entire human population of the world.

The number of experiments today which point toward this world of the

future present an astonishing picture. Deepsea vehicles such as the bathyscaphe *Trieste*, and the coming 15,000-foot depth vehicle *Aluminant* have opened the door to deepsea travel.

Great Britain, France, Japan and the USSR are all working on massive undersea freighters and passenger liners.

Some go up to 100,000 tons displacement and can attain speeds up to 60 miles per hour submerged. New design breakthroughs have shown how to double that speed at depths of 3,000 feet and more.

On the drawing boards are underwater helicopters, planned for 40,000-foot depths, and robot caterpillar-treaded deepsea tanks with remote controlled arms to permit exploration and construction on the floor of the sea's deepest valleys.

But the most amazing experiments of all centre on man's living under water as naturally as fish.

The Swiss scientist Hannes Keller, fortifying his body by inhaling special gases to equalise the pressure from the sea, has already attained a depth of 800 feet in a "free dive" without a special pressure suit. Skin divers normally reach less than a quarter of this depth.

Keller and the French explorer, Jacques-Yves Cousteau (who has conducted experiments similar to Sealab in France) predict a day when the use of such gases will take man to depths of 3,000 feet safely.

In the laboratories of American Cyanamid Corporation, researchers may have solved the problem of air supply under water once and for all.

They have developed a kind of plastic which holds sea water out, but allows the oxygen in the water molecules to filter through.

With this human beings could live for days, if necessary, underwater with no other air supply than the sea itself, the plastic serving both as a "space suit" and an air-converter.

Mice have survived in this manner without any other air supply for as long as experiments have required.

More fantastic still, mice in laboratories at Fordham University (New York) have proved able to absorb air from sea water directly — without any intervening plastic film when the water has oxygen forced into it under high pressure.

In still other laboratories, scientists have succeeded in grafting fishlike gills to the shoulders of air-breathing animals, and the animals have shown that the gills work as well for them underwater as they do for fish.

Some undersea specialists — like Keller and Cousteau — predict that one day such an operation will be possible for man, turning him into an amphibian with alternate breathing systems to choose from depending on whether he is on land or underwater.

What is needed, say the scientists who specialise in the uses of the earth's oceans, is a full-scale scientific program equal to what we are now launching in outer space. In the early stages of such programs a lot can be done with only a little money.

But the time will soon come when it will be a question of a massive expenditure and a crash program to get and maintain the lead in the race for dominance of the seas . . . and the treasure-trove of the world's last frontier. #

A CELEBRITY AT LAST

(Continued from page 46)

finest men he had ever known, and pushed him over the cliff.

The assailant was obviously a thief of some sort — just look at the poor state of his clothes and that shifty look in his eyes — who was hoping to ransack the house but hadn't reckoned on the old man having an eagle-eyed secretary. They always made a silly mistake somewhere along the line, didn't they, Sergeant?

The policeman turned to me. "Do you agree with that?" he asked pleasantly. "That you pushed him over the cliff?"

"Yes, but I—" I stopped. But there was more to it than just that, much more. I gulped back the rest of the words before they spilled out and incriminated me even further.

Through the window I could see the crowd gathered on the beach. There were police down there as well, and an ambulance had been backed up off the road as far as it would go without being bogged down in the sand. Somewhere below me they were trying to disentangle Peter Blake from the possessive arms of the rocks, the foaming surf and the seaweed.

Another car pulled up on the roadway outside, then Lisa came in. Ah, Lisa, my own true love. Illing — no, Barrington — explained to the police that she had remained in town last night as she had had a hair-dressing appointment in the morning.

"Have you ever seen this man before, Mrs Blake?" the policeman asked her, pointing to me, all huddled up on the settee with a couple of hulking great brutes in uniform standing over me.

Even then, she hardly looked at me. "No, never."

"Lisa," I said softly, but I don't think she heard me. It was no use shouting now, or protesting wildly. It was all over and I think I understood now, everything.

The sergeant asked her if it would be convenient for her to come down to the station that afternoon to make a formal statement. She said yes, but



Hagglund

"A second honeymoon? What are you, a sadist?"

she felt very weak and shaky, still couldn't believe what had happened and would like to rest for a while.

Just before the door closed behind us, I glanced back. Lisa was smiling up at Barrington. He had a strange smirk on his face, a satisfied look as if something was going along strictly according to plan.

He caught my eye and winked. Then the door slammed shut. Yes, I could see it all now, the way I had been fooled.

The plan was, I supposed as the police-car swung out of the drive on to the roadway and the crowd swept forward to try and catch a glimpse of me — at last a celebrity — that

Barrington pick up a total stranger in a pub or somewhere.

Someone who looked as though he might have once seen better days, but who would be easily discredited. Someone still young enough to be impressionable. Then turn him over to Lisa. Lisa must have had great confidence in her ability and I can't say I really blamed her. She should have been an actress.

She was also Barrington's mistress. The affair must have been going on for some time behind the old man's back, and they had finally hit on a way to get rid of him without involving themselves, at the same time raking in his fortune. It was a risky proposition, all right. It might not have worked.

But if I hadn't risen to the bait, they would certainly have kept trying until they found someone else.

They laughed when I told them this at the police-station and said I was just being fanciful and even if the story *did* happen to be true which it wasn't because I was too shabby-looking and didn't even *look* trustworthy — it still didn't alter the facts.

I had pushed Peter Blake off the cliff and Barrington had seen and apprehended me. If it was a plot hatched up between Mrs Blake and Barrington, there was no way it could be verified. They were hardly likely to come out with it and confess, now were they? And besides, I had confessed, hadn't I? Or just as much as confessed *and* in front of witnesses, so that was all there was to that. The whole thing was too nebulous, all this business of intrigue.

Only the simple act of murder, me pushing the old man over the cliff, was a verifiable fact. The battered body that had been fished out of the surf was all the verification that was needed.

So here I am, waiting for the trial, yet not feeling anything, just a cold numb sensation in the pit of my stomach. You see, I don't care now what happens to me. I'm dead. Without Lisa, I'm dead.

#



"Well, we've found out one thing, General, pushbutton warfare can be rough."



A BIG,
BIG BOOM IN
CONVERTIBLES
OVERSEAS,
WHY NOT IN
AUSTRALIA?

Ramblers are a popular car in Australia — with hard tops. In US are two convertibles with such sporty features as four-speed synchromesh floor shift for the automatic transmission.

GOING SOFT ON TOP

By PEDR DAVIS



Ford's Fairlanes come convertible in America, not here. Imagine Falcons and Holdens in soft tops. Would they be popular?

Convertibles are, of course, dearer than the conventional sedans. This is the new Galaxie with a wide range of engines, transmissions and other options.



The sun should be our undoing?

THE current accent on glamor and sporting performance is boosting sales of convertibles overseas. In Australia, the field is sadly neglected. Sports car and tourer sales have never been so buoyant — but the convertible is just not available in any reasonable number.

No one really knows the true potential of the convertible here but if a local manufacturer took encouragement from the booming sales in the USA, he might start a real trend.

Merely a convertible would not be enough. The maker would have to offer a range of sporty options and a large dose of glamor.

The 1966 Detroit range is an example of how to attract the widest possible market. Buyers have the biggest choice of optional engines, transmissions and extras ever seen. The soft tops are made from durable plastic which in many cases will last the life of the vehicle.

The latest thing — available on all Detroit convertibles — is flexible glass. The hood can be raised or lowered with the rear window unzipped — because the flexible glass cannot be easily damaged. Nor will it discolor.

The American convertibles also include such desirable items as four speed full-synchromesh gearboxes, disc brakes, reclining front seats and fully automatic speed control.

Glamor is being built into the convertible in a very big way. This is one aspect which should be closely examined by Australian car makers. Basically a convertible is a full four or six seater with ample passenger and luggage room for long trips. It differs from a roadster or sports car in that the accent is on comfort and space, not sheer performance and high speed cornering. But there is no reason why a convertible should not have a large measure of eye as well as high sporting, appeal.

The Mustang is an example. It is a full size convertible, yet the sporting touch is also there. Externally, there are simulated magnesium wheel covers and a really stylish profile. The engineering department includes such things as disc brakes, four speed full-synchromesh transmission, a V-8 engine and all the power aids that a man could wish for. Some of these are optional items and quite costly, but they are there for the enthusiast.

Mustang — now in third place in American sales — goes soft top with new features, including a stereophonic tape for 80 minutes of music.

Among a wealth of accessories is an instrument cluster that includes a tachometer and clock. A new stereophonic tape system combines a car radio with a tape player which gives up to 80 minutes of soft music.

Twin speakers are hidden in the doors but the stereo effect is so good that passengers can't tell where the sound comes from. (Some more expensive convertibles have four speaker stereo systems. They fill the entire car with music.)

Many convertible buyers like performance as well as comfort. The Mustang caters for this group with a range of engines from the six cylinder Falcon unit to a 271 BHP V-8. There is an equally wide choice of transmissions, so that the Mustang comes with as fast a pair of heels as desired. Standard equipment is generous, covering such things as four seat belts, reversing lights and four way emergency flashers.

The latter, now standard on most American cars this year, provides a "panic button". When this is pressed, all four traffic flashers start blinking at once, signalling other drivers that you are in trouble. An SOS of this sort covers emergencies such as a "difficult" hitch hiker to brake failure.

The Mustang also attempts to bridge the gap between the convertible and the sports car. "GT equipment" includes dual exhausts, fog lamps, disc brakes, special handling package, wood grained steering wheel and limited slip differential.

A new idea seen on another 1966 convertible, the Thunderbird, is a highway speed control, operated by buttons on the steering wheel. The driver accelerates to a speed he wishes to maintain. He then presses a button and the car will hold this speed up hill and down dale. A second button allows

the driver to slow the car down to a new speed, which is then maintained. A third allows him to instantly take over manual control. Properly used, the system means that on long trips the car can cruise without the driver taking his hands off the wheel or touching the brakes or throttle.

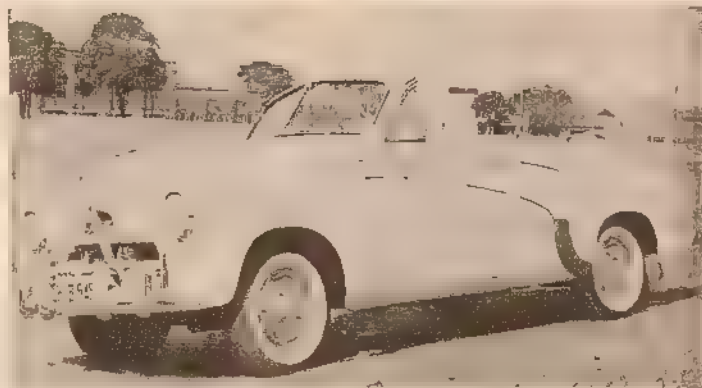
Like most other convertibles, the Thunderbird has a power-operated hood. Its optional 345 bhp engine is the most powerful in the 1966 convertible line up.

Rambler has two convertibles and in both the power hood is standard. Other features include the new flexible glass for the rear window, a self adjusting clutch, automatic speed control, reclining front seats (still fairly rare on convertibles) and front seat head rests to guard against whiplash. Engines vary from a 128 bhp six to a 270 bhp V-8.

A most interesting development available in the 1966 Fairlane and Galaxie convertibles, is a "his and hers" automatic transmission which combines the best of two worlds. A man can swap cogs to his heart's content, moving the selector lever (which is mounted like a sports gear shift) to the desired ratio. Changes done in this manner are extremely quick and require no clutch action. The woman can leave the selector lever in "Drive" and let the automatic shifting mechanism take over.

With improved technology, convertibles are fast over-coming their previous drawbacks (rain leaks, draughts, deterioration of the hood) while their virtues have never been more in demand.

How long it will be before Australian industry gets into the act in a big way remains to be seen. But if enough are enthusiastic about the idea, it won't be long! #



Several enthusiasts have converted early and late model Holdens into soft-tops — and they look the part.

*HERE'S THE LATEST IN KNITWEAR FOR THE WELL-DRESSED MAN, TO ADD TO HIS COMFORT AND JOY WHETHER RELAXING OR AT SPORT. AND JUST LOOK AT THESE STYLES. KNITWEAR, TOO, HAS WELL AND TRULY KEPT PACE WITH FASHION!

THE BEST OF KNITWEAR ... FOR YOU



★ NEW style from an old design: heavy woollen sweater in camel brown and charcoal grey. Deep neck and sleeve vents trimmed with leather. The pattern is inspired by an old Finnish peasant motif. From the International Fashion Council's Spring-Summer, 1966 New Mood collection.

★ JAMES BOND style shirt, expertly designed and woven in two tones of oatmeal shade wool. Wide vertical stripes reflect modern trend in styling. Also note the two-button placement at waistband. This shirt won the Export Award, made by the Australian Textile Export Council.



★ HIS slacks, in a flannel-grey, are distinctive for the bell cuffs and slanted front side pockets with a wide flap. The belt is leather, and wide. HER slacks, in beautifully tailored white knitted wool, feature a slit at the centre front of cuff. Both shirts, plain wool knit.



★ Casual outfit, set off with Crimp-lene club jacket in royal blue and worn with lighter blue crew neck knitted shirt. Flapped pockets are slanted and the breast pocket is jetted. Buttons are fabric covered. To complete this neat picture: trousers in camel shade.

OVER £15,000 CLEAR NET PROFIT!

The Incredible, True, and Fully Documented Success
Record of

"THE PATARINA SYSTEM"

In order to maintain the accuracy of the only system of betting on horse racing, the odds are known at the time the bet is placed. The odds are known at the time the bet is placed.

SIMPLEST ONE-BET-PER-RACE PLAN PERFECTED
This is for YOU. Look Winner upon Winner at 8-4, 3-1, 5-2, 7-4, 5-1, etc., with the unchallenged Australian

ALL-TIME RECORD OF 68 CONSECUTIVE SUCCESSES
Yes during the recent two year period, at one City track, the score was
OVER 95% WINNING DAYS . . . 127 OUT OF 133!

Frankly now, your present method of betting is a waste of time to consider the advantages of this system. The change of a lifetime offered to you here. Just a small amount of capital, to begin with, and you can say it is partly No. 1. No hurried betting, no calculated risks, no "feeling out odds and prices" the \$15,000 net profit was made through the TAB. Only one simple bet per race, yes Patarina. And tens of thousands of up to date, tried, tested and fully proved punter, and tens of thousands of grateful punters from Sydney to Perth, Auckland to Adelaide, Townsville to Fiji, Melbourne to London, in fact literally throughout the whole world. A truly international system, success can be yours too with Patarina as fully explained in the most vital, living fact-filled book ever presented to racing public.

"PUNTING FOR PROFIT"

Clearly and simply written for everyone to read and easily understand straight away, you'll find no "padding" here. Every word, figure, diagram, etc. packs a powerful and forceful meaning so that you too can make real money from racing. Why just consider some of these features: Information on Systems . . . Gremlin Of The Unknown Odds . . . Tote As An Aid To A Betting Coup . . . Graphical Double Forecasting . . . Backing Every Starter In A Race For A Profit . . . Quinine Betting . . . Little Realised Tote Benefits For The Average Punter . . . The Bank . . . Saving Methods and so much much more as well, a Gold Mine of Racing Information! Why included are no less than

15 DIFFERENT SYSTEMS — A YEAR'S RESULTS OF EACH!
You'll only really need Patarina, but we give you too, our remarkable plan as "The Formula" . . . Santa Catalina . . . The Overlander . . . "Bou de la Flats" . . . the revolutionary Practical Proposition Plans . . . etc. etc. and each clearly explains the Secret. A Little Bit About Won't Depend It All The Time For YOU PLUS

10 — SURE-WINNER TESTED SELECTION METHODS — 10
For your consideration each different, some most unusual, but all with the same object: Making Money as YOU see it. Particular! There's

20 — FIGURES CAN'T LIE! — 20
Well over 5,000 words and figures, unique, provocative, with only one end and more profit for you. Consists of simple, plain ideas and suggestions of just how simple arithmetic beats the odds. If you make the equivalent of a guess, you'll be a winner. I say a conservative bet, when 13 of them were made. Or, if you bet, say, 10 or 12 selections, in a race, and still make a profit, and accept a profit, whichever wins? The answers are there in plain, yet true.

HORSES . . . TROTTERS . . . DOGS

ALL SYSTEMS GUARANTEED TO WIN YOU MONEY AND FEATURE:
Absolutely Simple . . . Operate 100% . . . Successfully . . . A says ONE Bet Per Race
ONLY . . . Sections take but a minute . . . Equally Effective ON or OFF
COURSE . . . Designed for TAB BETTING, but can be used with Bookmakers too
City of Country Tracks . . . Particulars Mid Week . . . Small Bets too
(Capital) ONLY required. Bets 1/5 . . . One in ANY STATE, 1 CENT
TRY . . . Full instructions given, including Selection Methods With or WITHOUT the use of Newspapers . . . Full Betting Methods and Detailed Step-By-Step Examples . . . ONE FULL YEAR'S RESULTS OF EACH SYSTEM, in great DETAIL, too . . . Eminently Suitable For Use When The Odds are NOT KNOWN . . . A Statistical Analysis of Operations is provided . . . Handy Quick Reference Tables . . . Odds and Tote Dividends supplied . . . The correct way to bet on horse tracks . . . Government Issued Copyrights protected . . . from imitations . . . (Nos. 14311, 1442, 14479) etc.
Quite simple to use, large or small . . . Ideal for Beginners, yet Professional . . . and easy to use . . . So convenient as ALL SELECTIONS KNOWN AND BETS MAY BE MADE BEFORE THE FIRST RACE
DOCUMENTARY PROOF OF SUCCESS . . . These proof letters from clients on file are signed by the publishers of this magazine, speak volumes!
Mr. G.H.S. Auckland NEW ZEALAND . . . I've never had a better bet in the Patarina . . . I've never had a better bet in the Patarina . . .
Mr. E.P. New Farm Qld . . . I may be interested in what I've read, a number of my bank has grown in a few short weeks. I feel I've started with a realistic approach. Mr. N.M. Howick, NEW ZEALAND . . . The results after 34 meetings gave a return of 53.1% and the book was being 1/2 and Over 40 meetings . . . I've never had a better bet in the Patarina . . . I've never had a better bet in the Patarina . . .
Mr. J.P. Abernethy, S.A. . . . Since purchasing the Patarina system late last year I've had nothing but success apart from a couple of small setbacks, but these have been far outweighed by the huge profits I have made during the other months, winning weeks. Please accept my humble thanks for allowing me to purchase this system, there is only one way to describe you people and that is the fact you're wizards." . . . Mr. J.L. Hunters Hill, N.S.W. . . . I can honestly state that it is the ONLY method I have come across that shows a profit AFTER purchase. Many thanks to you and keep up the good work. Mr. S.J.P. Hinnerwick VIC . . . Patarina is the best thing I've ever seen. I've never had a better bet in the Patarina . . . I've never had a better bet in the Patarina . . .
Mr. E.P. Imu Plains N.S.W. . . . It shows a profit at all times over the period of 100 meetings. Can't say enough.

FAMOUS 6-STAR GUARANTEE: ★ All Systems Unconditionally Guaranteed To Win You Money. ★ £1000 to any Recognized Chart of the Original Letters (Extracts) are not on our files. ★ Your Money Refunded if Any State-ment Here Proved Untrue. ★ The publishers have carefully checked all Claims Made. ★ We are Registered. The Firm You Can Trust with the Experience That Counts. There's no better deal and you could not be better protected.

YOU ALSO RECEIVE: Racegoers Guide . . . over 120 pages of vital information that you could never otherwise accumulate. Mile Ratings, Turf Records, Turf Guide, Betting Calculator, Wire Place Dead Heat 11.2 on 100.1 against Times, Black Winners, app. 850 Race Results, Partial Details of Major Courses, etc.

Get with the Real Money . . . Get the Complete Racing Deal as offered and here ACT NOW. The only payment is the FULL PRICE OF £5.10. Print Name and Address and enclose by registered post. Money Order, Bank Cheque, Bank Draft. After sales query service freely available, and books sent in plain, sealed wrapper marked PERSONAL.

BARINGHUP ENTERPRISES, (MM), BOX 140, MONA VALE, N.S.W.

Tell Me, Mr. Nelson...



How often should a suit be dry cleaned? — J.P., Wagga Wagga, NSW.

While it is difficult to give you a precise answer, still in general every two or three months seems to be about the right interval for dry cleaning. A word of caution here: do not send your suit to the drycleaner every time you think it needs a good press, or when there's a spot on it. Too frequent dry cleaning can take a lot of the "life" out of a suit, particularly if you patronise one of the less expensive cleaners who specialise on fast, cheap service. It is only commonsense to use the best dry cleaner you can find. Also, he is most probably equipped with the right type of presses, which will keep the shape of your suit much the same as it came from the manufacturers.

When you get a spot on your suit, you can clean it off yourself, using carbon tetrachloride, still recommended as the best cleaning agent for most spots. Authorities are now urging that it not be used without great caution, as it is dangerous in a room that is not thoroughly and properly ventilated. For any spot on washable attire, it's wise to treat the area quickly with cool or cold water. A grease spot on wool should be worked on from the back of the fabric, to push it out, rather than to embed it further.

What's the latest news on the neckwear front? — P.Q., Fremantle, W.A.

As a welcome breakaway from stripes, under the neck designs, and small geometric prints in men's ties, in come the midget-size floral prints, known as "granny prints" or French provincial prints. For the younger chap, these same designs are now appearing in sports shirts. Then, there's a welcome return to the paisley print, in a variety of fashion shades. Ties are a bit wider, too, up to two inches.

Speaking of neckwear, here's some interesting incidental information: a psychologist claims that you can tell a man's character by his tie. For example — a dark knitted tie, serious-minded, reliable; plain colored tie, tidy, conservative; bold striped tie, carefree, a bit callous; a flowery tie, has mind of his own, keen on girls but not on marriage. (All of this may not be true, but it's good for starting an argument.)

Any change in suit styling this coming season? — T.R.E., Melbourne.

Each season, there's something new, or if not entirely new, a revival of a styling popular years ago. For example: high styling for winter includes longer centre vents (up to 12 in.); waist suppression, to give a sort of skirted look; slightly wider lapels; and continued trend to one-button model. Two and three button are still "in". Which style you should select depends on your stature and build; three button for tall, slender chaps, and two button for medium and shorter men. Trousers are still cuffless and in the main, pleatless. Extreme slim look is going out. Three-piece suits with matching vests are becoming more popular for winter months. Styling by Hardy Amies, well-known British tailor, will make a big impact on our market, we predict, being introduced here by Ernest Hiller. As to colors, dark greys, mid blues, and browns in various tonings will be seen a lot. Traditional British patterns, the small herringbones, shark skins and chalk stripes will keep coming back strong in the upper end of the trade. Linings will be plain and with small, neat patterns.

I'm tired of white business shirts. What are the latest colors? — R.W., Sydney.

This present year looks like a big one for plain-colored shirts. Take peach, for example, or a blue-green. Ice blues and other light shades of blue continue in favor, too.

Would you please tell me the latest color for casual wear, knitwear included? — J.A., Moorabbin, Vic.

All the new colors are shades of brown: whisky, coffee, and rust. The whisky shade is popular in the US right now — with coffee coming into the picture for next summer. Rust, a rich orange and cinnamon shade, is an interesting variation and as in the case of the other shades of brown, will soon be seen in Australian-made casual wear; in fact, some manufacturers already have these shades in their new ranges.

**YOUR
CLOTHES**

CLEVER USE OF RIB KNIT

—from front panel to tab-fastener



★ Knitted cotton shirt — very masculine with its clever use of rib knit stitching, styling, and sturdy details, such as the leather buttons. Ribbing is worked in on a diagonal front panel and extends to tab fastening of collar and waist. From International Fashion Council New Mood collection.

HAND FASHIONED KNITWEAR

By
PORATT

DON'T BE BULLIED!

WHY BE PUSHED AROUND . . . SURPRISE ANY WHO DARES ASSAULT YOU!

You Too Can Become A Fearless Exponent Of

CHINESE KUNG FU KARATO

. . . the authentic Chinese Self-Defence Art that
DISABLES INSTANTANEOUSLY ON CONTACT



LEONG FU

梁 富

Because of religious belief forbidding the ancient Chinese monks from carrying weapons, this weaponless system of super human fighting was founded and developed by them to such an extent that they could successfully resist and defeat blood-thirsty robbers who attacked and slayed them just for the robes and trinkets they wore. Taught exclusively and handed down only to selected disciples, who were sworn to complete secrecy, this devastating art with its amazing power to paralyse, horror or multiply fighting strength ten-fold and to disable instantaneously on contact even the strongest man on earth without the use of brute strength is now completely revealed and brought up to date for the first time in the English language by Leong Fu, the acknowledged greatest living master of Kung-Fu Karato today.

LEARN QUICKLY AT HOME, THIS FASTEST, EASIEST, AND MOST

EFFECTIVE SELF-DEFENCE SYSTEM OF ALL TIME!

Ask any high ranking blackbelt Karate or Judo expert who has made the mistake of fighting a Kung-Fu master and he will tell you why he would rather fight any five armed persons trained in any other forms of combat rather than meet just one unarmed KUNG FU MASTER. That is because what they learned from Karate, Jiu-Jitsu, Judo, Aikido, the so-called Westernised Kung Fu and all other martial arts combined actually consists of only a small part of authentic Chinese KUNG-FU fighting which leaked out of China to Japan in ancient days to found their combat systems.

AGE, BODILY SIZE, SEX AND SUPERIOR STRENGTH DON'T COUNT!

Because KUNG-FU disables ON CONTACT and because KUNG-FU uses amazingly simple secret anatomical movements and steps instead of brute strength to overcome attackers, sex, size and age does not matter very much. In fact, the greatest KUNG FU master of all time, the Honorable Lee Hua-Tsein (Sheng Dynasty) was a slender scholarly-looking man. Yet this man developed this super human skill to such an extent that his name was feared throughout the Orient in his time. When he was finally invited by the Emperor of China to demonstrate his skill, the Emperor was astonished to find the man whose very name was enough to put to flight the most ferocious ruffian was not a fierce giant but a simple gentle, quiet scholarly man who stood barely five feet and weighed less than 100 lbs fully clothed. Not much of a person to look at, but nonetheless a man who put out of action within a few minutes, 20 hand-picked members of the famed IMPERIAL GUARDS.

YOU CAN PARALYSE A 300 lb THUG WITH JUST ONE FINGER OR

EVEN ONE TOE!

No longer need you stand helpless while you or your girl friend are being assaulted, insulted, bullied and humiliated by trouble-seeking bullies because henceforth you can send them flying in every direction. Amazingly enough, many of these techniques can be executed without great strain because they **DISABLE ON IMMEDIATE CONTACT**.

By just pressing a finger or toe on the right spot of your assailant's body you can paralyse, render unconscious or escape from deadly grips. You can quite easily flatten bullies three times your size leaving them helplessly stunned on the ground.

YOU LEARN techniques that can **OUT-WIT OUT-FIGHT, OUT-MANOEUVRE NOT JUST ONE OR TWO, BUT THREE, FOUR, FIVE OR EVEN A SMALL MOB OF ARMED HOODLUMS**. And in order to safeguard yourself, many of these techniques are delivered with a minimum of close body contact. With your new power **NOTHING CAN SCARE YOU**, and you can live with full confidence in the knowledge that you can defend yourself, protect the weak and deal successfully with **ANY MAN ANY ASSAILANT, ANY TIME, ANY SITUATION AND ANYWHERE**. With **KUNG-FU KARATO** I guarantee you the ability to live, to work and to walk without fear.

For completely **FREE DETAILS**, send your name and address to me by **AIR MAIL**, and I will send you my **FREE PROSPECTUS**, **ALSO BY AIR MAIL**.

Send in the coupon **TODAY! NOW!** This offer may never be repeated again.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

HONORABLE MASTER LEONG FU

(Dept. O/17), 119 Anderson Rd., IPOH, MALAYSIA

Please send by air free details of Chinese Kung-Fu Karato to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOPS IN STYLE...Comfort, Too



★ An interesting anchor motif on this white heavy wool knit jacket will appeal to the fashion-conscious sailor. Neat lapels and patch pockets with a five button fastening finish a beautiful garment. (By E. S. Poratt).



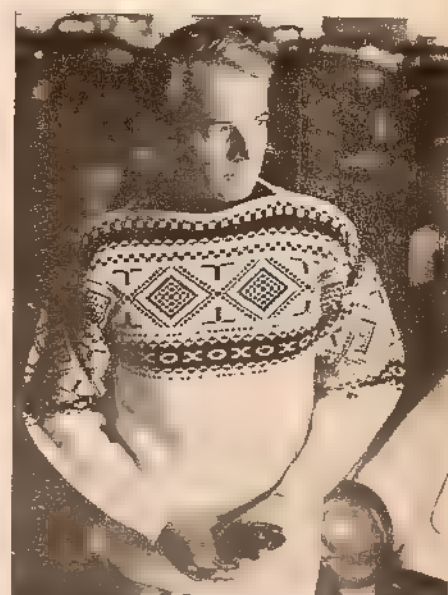
★ Superbly designed ski sweater with a different look, in steel grey with undertones of black. Well fitting roll collar and large V motif are evidence of knitters' skill. (By E. S. Poratt).



★ Beautifully designed sweater, in a pale grey, that reverses to slate blue. Button flaps are removable.



★ Club jacket in an olive green Crimp-lene, and noteworthy for its rib-knit effect.



★ White ski pullover, with pattern repeated across top of sleeves. Slit neckline. Traditional styling.

MONSIEUR BWANA NGANGA

(Continued from page 38)

The tribal structure in West Africa rests on a triumvirate composed of the chief, jujuman (sorcerer) and Bwana Nganga (witch doctor).

Gdeleh was no fool, and he did not like building up potential competition to his own business, prestige and standing. But a jujuman is not allowed to dabble in Nganga, and vice versa.

His business was poisons, potions, curses, incantations and liaison with evil spirits.

As Bwana Nganga, I was supposed to protect the community, safeguard its life, property and powers of procreation, clear the jungle of evil spirits and ward off harmful influences.

Most outsiders tend to confuse the witch doctor with the sorcerer, whereas their roles are exactly the opposite of each other. The jujuman is the sword, the Bwana Nganga the protective shield.

One day, a sorcerer of the Matumba tribe showed up in our village. He arrived in a canoe with an Italian-made outboard motor.

"I have captured the spirit of Kamuza the Great," he boasted, "I am now the chief jujuman of the river."

I could see my friend Gdeleh was losing face. He pointed his Igbubandu magic horn at the roaring engine and chanted fearful imprecations, but the motor did not stop.

"Let me try my magic," I suggested, "let us see who can swim faster." I undressed and jumped into the river, clutching a coil of thin wire in my right hand.

The Matumba jujuman laughed and opened up the throttle. The boat sliced through the water toward me, but I managed to evade its sharp prows, and catch the propeller's whirling blades in the sling of wire. In a matter of seconds, the entire coil wound itself around the propeller, the rudder jammed and the motor coughed itself to a stop.

The Matumba jujuman, angry at losing face, picked up an empty coconut shell, jumped out on the bank and came towards me just as I emerged from the water. I knew what was inside — a huge, black and hairy venomous spider, trained to attack those struck by the shell.

I stepped forward, fainted with my left hand, and kicked the coconut shell with my right foot. It sailed out of the sorcerer's hand, described a graceful arc in the air, and landed at his feet.

The shell split open with a crack, and the repulsive creature emerged to run up its owner's leg and sink its poisonous fangs in his thigh.

To this day I can hear the screams of the Matumba ju-

juman, and the triumphant cries of Gdeleh and our tribesmen. They killed the spider and eviscerated the dying sorcerer. The kidneys, liver and heart were chopped up and placed in a hollowed out antelope horn.

Gdeleh then hefted an axe and split his rival's skull, scooping up the brains with his hand.

We returned to our old way of life, until I learned in December, 1964, that Ashanti cops, tough killers recruited in Central Ghana, were looking for a white man who incites the local tribesmen to rebellion, illicit activities and murder.

They meant me.

That night I packed all my diamonds into a rucksack, took a basket of food and crept up to the canoes lined up on the river bank. I was untying one of the boats, when I heard a rustle behind my back. I whirled around, a switch knife in my hand.

It was Cana, the chief's daughter and a young warrior named Tseretse. "You are leaving us, O Bwana Nganga?" they whispered.

"Yes, the Great Kazuma told me to go north," I mumbled.

Tseretse smiled. "I help you cross the border to Upper Volta, O Bwana Nganga, if you help me settle with Cana in town, and open grocery store."

We sailed down the river for six hours, and then let the canoe float down stream, while making our way on foot towards a plateau at the edge of the bush. The journey lasted a week.

On January 4, 1965, we arrived at Ougadougou, in Upper Volta. I took Cana and her future husband to a store and bought them European-style clothes. For myself, I bought a second-hand seabag, slit the lining to insert the diamonds, and sewed it again before filling it with my possessions.

We spent the rest of the day looking for business opportunities. In the end, I paid \$350 to an old Negro for a small stand selling soft drinks, tobacco and canned beer near the bus depot.

An Air France subsidiary, Air Afrique, was flying an old Dakota to Abidjan, from where I could take a regular Caravelle jet flight to Paris.

In Abidjan, I changed my mind about flying directly to Paris. French Customs controls at Orly airport were very strict and I had no intention of losing my diamonds. I had worked hard enough for them.

There was a Greek freighter in the harbor, loading hardwood logs for Trieste, Italy. I signed on as Second Mate, jumped ship in Dakar and sold the rocks for \$92,000 to a Lebanese trader. The diamonds were probably worth three times as much but I liked the feeling of folding money in my hands.

I flew from Dakar to

Zurich, deposited the money in the Bank Union Suisse, and bought a Mediterranean cruise ticket aboard the luxury liner *France*, world's newest and longest passenger ship. After serving for so many years as a member of the crew, I wanted to be treated as a pampered passenger.

It was aboard the ship that I met the lady who is now

going to be my wife. I have nothing to hide from her. I let her know of my affair with the African tribe.

But there are times when I miss my friend Gdeleh, the peaceful forest clearing, the sluggish stream, the throbbing drums, even the crocodiles.

Now I am tense, worried and strained. But this is the price of civilisation. #

WS/4900

How do you rate your success potential?

Try this simple quiz and see how much you know about the fundamental problems of success!

1 You are unexpectedly asked to conduct a Board or Club meeting. Do you know exactly how to start it, deal with motions, adjourn a debate? Yes ☐ No ☐

2 You are dining out with an important client, or a new girl. Do you know exactly how to interpret a foreign menu, eat asparagus, when and how much to tip? Yes ☐ No ☐

3 You are offered a new job. Do you know exactly all the factors that tell you when to change jobs, when not to, what questions to ask, how to ease "interview nerves"? Yes ☐ No ☐

4 Be it a flat or a house, do you know exactly how to go about buying it, whether it's a good investment, what are the advantages of joint ownership, how to arrange finance? Yes ☐ No ☐

HOW DID YOU RATE? If you answered "Yes" to all questions, you have it in you to go right to the top, provided you keep up with current ideas. "No" to one or more questions, and you could certainly use expert advice to gain that all-round knowledge needed to succeed.

Fortunately for you, thousands of other men have proved there is an unending way to prepare yourself for success — in your own home, through the pages of "How to Succeed in a MAN'S WORLD". Perhaps you are halted in your progress because you do not understand the higher principles of business and management? Or, you are not as popular as you could be simply because you lack certain social graces that rob you of your poise and ease. "MAN'S WORLD" tells you all you need to know about success, and how to achieve it.

FREE! Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail the coupon at once. We will send our FREE Booklet describing "How to succeed in a MAN'S WORLD." Do it now while you are thinking about it.

FREE! Mail this coupon now!

To: MAN'S WORLD, 109 Sturt St., Sth. Melb. Vic.

Please send me a copy of your FREE Booklet. I understand I am under no obligation (PLEASE PRINT)

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

OCCUPATION



The fifty dollars an hour girl



A blue-eyed doll from Sweden hits the Big time in the States

WHEN you get down to it, a happy look on a woman's face is one of the best assets of all sulky ones may be lovely, but they get on your nerves after a while.

It's the healthy, happy, vital look which makes Margareta Wagstrom, who hails from Sweden, such a success as a television advertisement model in America that she makes 50 dollars an hour—which could add up to \$300 for a six-hour day.

Margareta, of course, has other assets, such as blue eyes, perfect teeth, a clear skin, brown hair and a well-balanced physique 5 ft 7 in. tall, which is a good amount of woman.

Her initial job was for a deodorant commercial. It was such a success—both women and men viewers were taken by her personality, if not for the ad—that she was immediately signed up for 32 other filmed commercials. In her first year as a model in America, Margareta earned more than \$50,000.

It also helps that she has a low, come-on voice and all the promise of a good outdoors play-companion.

by John Carlton

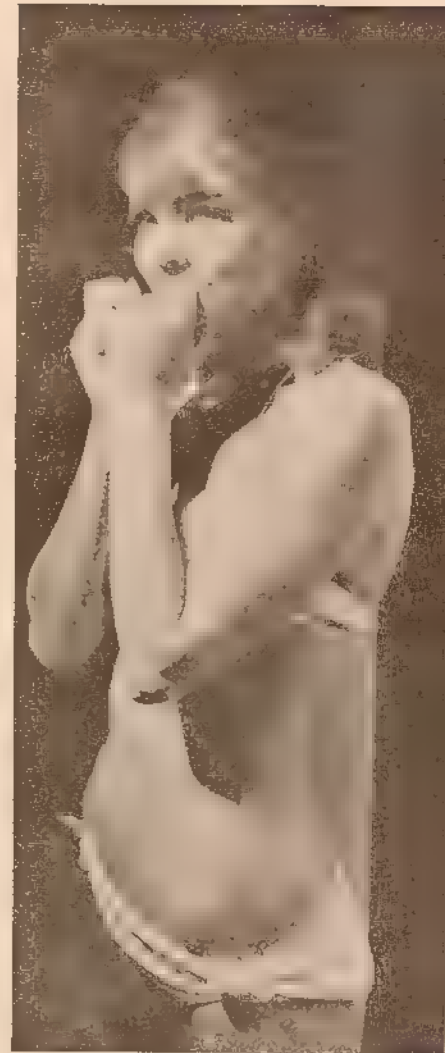


Above: By posing for television commercials and working as a high fashion model, Margareta made in her first year more than the Prime Minister of Australia — \$50,000!

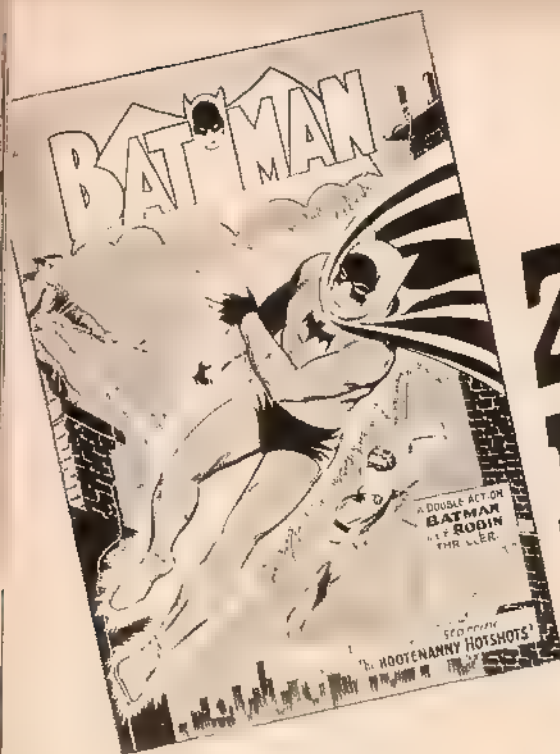


Right: Using an old-fashioned, Swedish-type telephone — installed to make her feel at home in America — Margareta talks to one of her many admirers. But she has a fiance!

Left: Margareta Wagstrom brought something of the cold country-freshness of her native Sweden to American television viewers—and immediately became a top-line model.



Above: Even in bikini — or especially in a bikini — she retains a look of youthful innocence and makes viewers think, "I'd like to meet her."

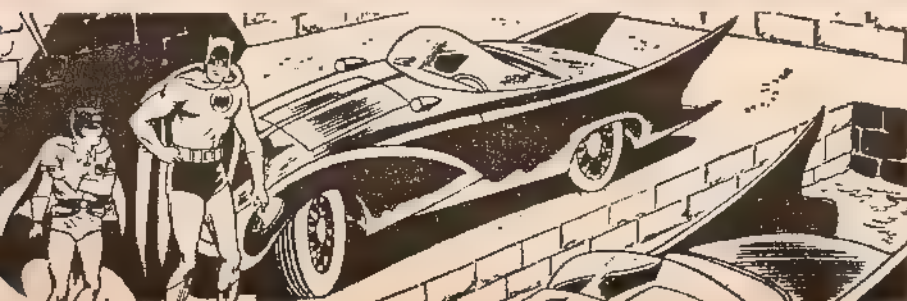


ZOOM, ZONK- IT'S BATMAN!

THE BIGGEST THING TO HIT TV
IN YEARS ARE THOSE
INDEFATIGABLE
PROTECTORS OF
HUMAN VIRTUES,
THE CAPED
CARTOON
CRUSADERS

By JOHN CARLTON

The TV Batmobile is even more elaborate than the comic books' — an experimental Lincoln with 500 horses and more devices than 007's Aston Martin.



EVERY MALE HAS CAST HIMSELF
IN THE ROLE OF A SUPERMAN
BATTLING EVIL TO RESCUE THE
FAIR MAIDEN, WITHOUT REWARD



The TV series is as packed with specialised gimmicks as the comic books — one-man helicopter, name-shaped aircraft, jet-powered Batboat.



From the ever-popular comic book series. In human form, Batman is the moral, God-fearing, courageous nemesis of the law-breakers.

Bruce Wayne, athletic socialite, was relaxing in his luxurious Gotham City mansion when the sign of the flying bat flashed across the sky. Batman was needed once again to lam into the lawbreakers, confuse the criminals and ensure that Right shall prevail!

Nodding to his Boy Wonder assistant, Robin — actually his ward, Dick Grayson, born in 1939 but still in his teens — the square-jawed upholder of justice descended into the secret cave. There he and Robin donned their uniforms — swimming trunks, bat-wing-like capes — and jumped into their simulated-jet Batmobile.

And, all over the United States, millions of television viewers stopped eating peanuts to gaze in fascination as Batman and Robin, crime-breakers extraordinary, went into action to risk life and limb against the forces of evil.

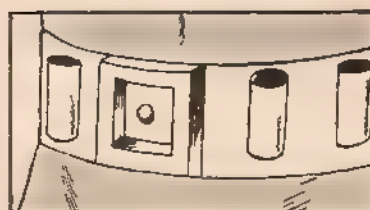
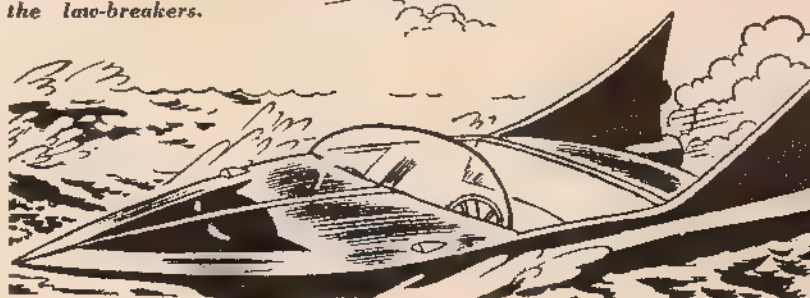
Exactly the same thing should happen in Australia when the comic strip heroes take human form and lead the wide-eyed, the sceptical and the romanticist down the adventure-studded halls of escapism.

Nothing quite like it has happened before in world entertainment. True, Superman captured the imagination of both juvenile and adult — but he had a little too much on his side, being able to shrug off bullets, deflect cannonshells, swallow poison, knock down stone walls with his fist and mend an earthquake or quell a volcano.

Superman, with his supra-planetary powers, should really have achieved more than he did — but he had diversions in his newspaper job and in Lois Lane, who always seemed to be doing her utmost to make Clark Kent prove himself a man.

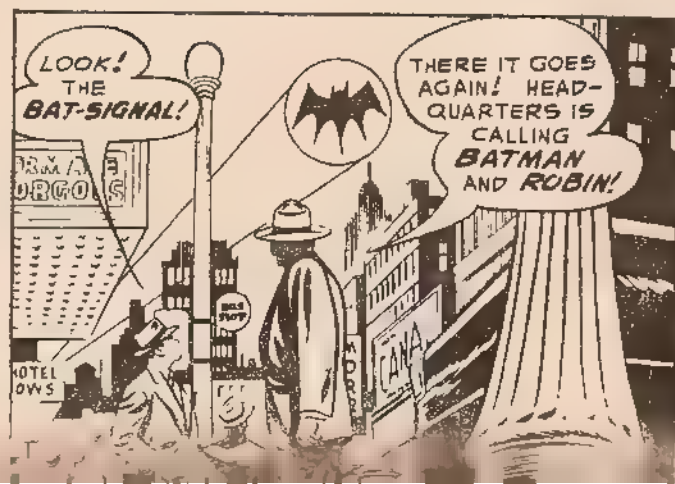
Batman and Robin, however, have no such impediments to their self-appointed jobs of ridding Gotham City of an apparently ceaseless supply of evil men bent upon evil things. They have enough money, time and spirituality to indulge their hobby to its inevitable end —

(Continued overleaf)



The Utility belt is a Batman special. From it he can extract antidotes for poison, a boomerang linked to rope for climbing walls, a miniature oxy-cutting device, exploding smoke bombs . . .

Nobody knows Batman's true identity. When the police want him to come to their rescue, the sign is flashed on the sky with a searchlight. And then — whoom, ouch, away we go!





"Before you start plying me with drinks I must warn you — I'm a nymphomaniac."

the triumph of justice over injustice, of morality over sin . . . and without women and sex impinging on their masculine world.

Already Batman is the biggest thing to hit the 23-inchers this season — a runaway success in a world fed too long with implied sin, sadism and soporifics. At least five songs have been written about his doings, one of which (for the discotheques) goes,

Batman's coming, Cat, do the batusi,

Everything's out, Cat, but the batusi;

Shake your hips, It's mighty neat, Do it hanging by your feet

The TV series follows an unusual pattern. Instead of one episode of half an hour a week, two episodes — to make a complete story — are shown on consecutive nights. The smart executives of 20th-Century Fox which produces the Batman series, apparently saw in the James Bond bonanza that the viewing public was prepared to settle for vicarious rather than actual, involvement in danger and derring-do.

Meanwhile, sales of Batman comic books, published in Australia, are booming and there is already a big market for old copies. Batman cranks in the United States are willing to pay \$90 a copy for first editions (1939) and even those more than 15 years old are snapped up for \$2.25 each.

The buyers are not teenagers but adult readers anxious to buy a slice of nostalgia. And these are the audiences filling at least three picture theatres in New York reshooting the first 15-episode Batman movie serial made in 1943

Thus the Batman TV series is appealing to a wide age group to the youngsters because it is about their favorite comic book character and to the oldsters because the incredible activities of the unaging pair reassociate them with younger, probably

happier, days.

Batman — that wealthy socialite, Bruce Wayne — is everyman's secret dream of omnipotence, even if he remains unstirred by women (who could, of course, be linked with evil). He is well-muscled, well-heeled, has a butler-chauffeur and a background which steels his character to its purpose.

Wayne's parents were killed by criminals when he was young and, in the best traditions of the Walter Scott novel, he decided to devote himself to defeating crime.

Robin (Dick Grayson) was a circus performer who did a high-wire act with his parents. When the Flying Graysons fell and were killed, Robin was adopted by his orphan, Bruce, and trained as his assistant.

The couple are the brain children of a still-young man, artist Bob Kane, who lives on their earnings in a sumptuous New York home. Kane was a high school student of 18 when he first presented Birdman (to become Batman) as a symbol of right against might.

This was in 1939 and the relationship between Batman and Robin — their true identities, of course, are unknown to all but the butler — was so innocent of girls that cynics laughed. Kane countered by introducing Batwoman (luscious) and a teen age relative (Batgirl) who made eyes innocently at Robin.

But, although women may now be around, it is highly unlikely that either Batman or Robin will allow himself to be seduced: it fits not the role.

For the adult viewer, Batman takes the form of "pop art" — the art-form which gathers together oddly-related items, such as old car tyres, mousetraps and dress-making models into amusing, but often communicative, art. So Batman is intended to entrance and amuse the adult but, at the same time, give out some sort of a message which does not completely

offend anyone with a pretence of intellectuality.

The cast is good. Batman is played by Adam West, who is 6ft 2in. and weighs 13st 4lb. West played in the popular TV series, *The Detectives*. He keeps the required Batman physique by surfing, skiing, eating mashed seaweed and drinking pawpaw juice.

Robin, the Boy Wonder with the fists of iron, is played by an unknown actor — Bert Ward, 20, who is a brown belt karateka, stands 5ft 8in. and is less than nine stone.

The villains are all accomplished actors. Burgess Meredith is one of Batman's arch enemies, The Penguin; Frank Gorshin, The Riddler — who leaves puzzles after his crimes; and George Sanders as Mr Freeze, an extramural comic book baddie created by Dozier.

The theme of the series will be hero-worship — muscles, courage and ingenuity (especially in the invention of off-beat weapons) to outwit, defeat and humiliate the evil-doers. It is fantasy-dream stuff but close enough in its mechanical inventions to satisfy the creator in every man.

As well as the Batmobile (which could be the car of the future) the two caped crusaders have a jet Batplane with appropriate wings, chair-type helicopters, Bat speedboats. Batman himself wears a belt from which he can extract weapons to suit the occasion.

Unlike Superman, they are vulnerable. The criminals they fight could — but for Bob Kane — inflict lethal wounds or a knockout blow. And, occasionally, they suffer in the way that 007 suffers — but never for long, doing a perpetual Phoenix-act.

The bat cave from which they operate is full of scientific wonders and records to help them solve crimes with an omniscience that can tell where a blade of grass came from and which arch-criminal is addicted to apple pie.

"Batman is not too unlike me," says Bob Kane. "We both believe in truth and justice. I'd like to be like him. A lot of guys would like to be like him. You'd like to be like him."

And so it is highly likely that, wearing Batman capes and Batman headgear and with a many-pocketed belt, Australian kids may be echoing Robin's emotional cries in a crisis of "Holy alphabet! Holy barracuda — it's The Penguin!"

There will be girls in the series, disporting themselves around the wealthy socialite's swimming pool — never dreaming that he is such a hero — but there will be no personal contact. Should, for example, a beautiful damsel pass out, Batman won't apply mouth-to-mouth resuscitation or manipulate her chest. He will reach into a pocket of

his belt to extract "the universal reviver," which will bring her around, but at a distance.

The psychologists are already in the game, analysing the amazing success of the Batman series and worrying about the effect upon the population of such close identification with archetypal dream heroes. They need not worry. Hundreds of thousands of Batman and Robin sweatshirts are being bought — and if the kids are going to terrorise anything, it might as well be the criminal underworld.

Everybody seems to take their roles seriously "Millions of youngsters have grown up with a love and respect for this devoted defender of the good and the pure," says Adam West. "I am deeply and humbly aware of the moral obligations that accompany my work in this series."

To one who saw a private screening of the first two episodes, it is obvious that the overly sincere Adam West possibly believes this — and the more serious he is, the more laughs he gets. The TV program is redolent with stilted, comic book dialogue which sounds oddly mid-Victorian.

Batman: Robin — that's the kind of manly devotion to truth and honor that has made the American teenager an important figure in the world today

Robin: Aw . . . leaping lizards, Batman!

Batman: Now — may I help you with your algebra?

In one scene, Bruce Wayne, immaculately dressed, is discussing some social project with a mob of Gotham City's leading citizens when his butler comes to whisper that he is wanted on the Batphone, an instrument which completely lights up and makes odd sounds. The call is coming from the Police Commissioner from a reception given by the Prime Minister of Moldavia, during which a cake the PM is cutting blows up and a conundrum from The Riddler floats down from the ceiling on a parachute.

And how does Wayne-cum-Batman excuse himself from the gathering of the elite citizens who are his guests?

"I'm sorry," he says, running from the room, "but I have just been reminded that I promised to take Robin fishing."

No wonder a cameraman hearing this type of dialogue, and watching Batman and Robin shake hands in mutual congratulation — "Holy bulletproof glass, Batman!" commented, "They're completely insane."

Maybe — but "insane" enough to keep Batman a highly popular comic book and put the TV series in the top ten TV shows in America . . . and those crazy, crazy dollars are rolling in! #



THE FORBIDDEN SECRETS of LIFE are DARINGLY REVEALED!

FEARLESS BOOK on LIFE

This book is a fearless ringing challenge to a cowardly and ignorant world. It contains the fruits of a life-long study of one of the biggest problems confronting the young manhood and womanhood of the world. In writing it the author has dared condemnation to tell people what they really need to know about themselves. He has had to surmount extraordinary difficulties in the preparation of the book. Many of the topics discussed had never before appeared in a book intended to popular consumption. But the truth is, my friends, better be ignored nor suppressed. There was an ever widening need and demand for a fearless plain speaking book on sexology. The walls of ignorance that was wrecking millions of lives must be broken down. The fearless book is the outcome.

SEND NOW WHILE STOCKS LAST!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In your opinion this book does not measure up to expectation return it within 10 days and get your money refunded IN FULL. No questions will be asked. You can be sure of its value to you. You are risking nothing — you have everything to gain — get your order in the post NOW!

DO YOU KNOW?

- The Secrets of Sex Attraction?
- Why Men Cannot Live Alone?
- The Psychology of Sex?
- What is the Sexual Revolution?
- What Makes us Love?
- Should a Bride be Innocent?
- The Shame of Innocence?
- The Secret of Happiness?
- The Intimate Secrets That Wreck Adultery
- How to Make Marriage Happy?
- The Woman's Hope of Freedom?
- Love the Inexpressible?
- How to Build a Virility?
- Is Sex Equality Possible?
- Sex the Biological Riddle?
- Can Passion be Sublimated?
- Woman: A One Man Creature?
- Is a Savage as the Perfect Lover?
- The Tragedy of Marital Mistake and Excesses?
- Destroy the Handmaiden of Ignorance?
- The Male as Active Lover?
- The Female as Passive Lover?

NOW TO GET YOUR COPY QUICKLY!
Pn 40/- (\$4.00) to your name and address and mail at once for your copy. OR JUST SAY, send it C.O.D. Address: _____

PERSONAL and CONFIDENTIAL

The Book of Life enters the sanctuary of the most sacred phases of your inner life. It grips you with suggestions that are personal and confidential. It furnishes definite and practical information on vital subjects, pure in themselves, that are frequently surrounded with vulgar mystery.



COURTSHIP



PERILS OF YOUTH



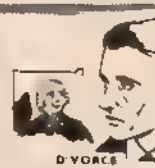
MOTHERHOOD



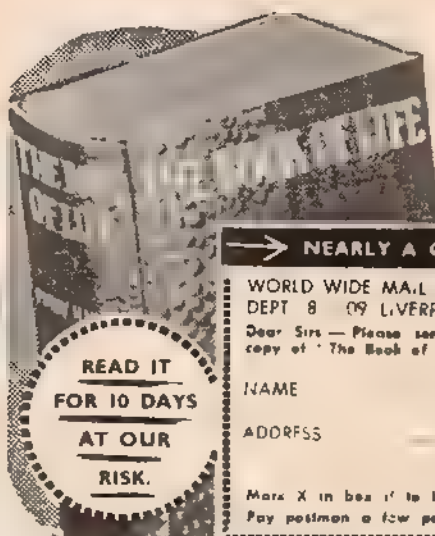
MARRIAGE



IGNORANCE



D.VORCE



NEARLY A QUARTER OF A MILLION FACTS!

WORLD WIDE MAIL ORDERS PTY. LTD.,
DEPT. 8 09 LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY N.S.W.

Dear Sirs — Please send, under plain wrapper, by return post my copy of 'The Book of Life'. I enclose 40/- (\$4.00) as full payment.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Mark X in box if to be sent C.O.D. ☐

Pay postman a few pence extra postage

M1 4 66

5000 FREE BOOKS ON DANCING!

Now you can test this wonderful course on dancing yourself — try this fabulous system in your own home, and if, after 30 days, you have not become an expert dancer, popular and sought after, it COSTS YOU NOTHING — not one penny, but you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation whatsoever; all you have to do is post the coupon NOW!

SIMPLE AS ABC

It does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before — or if you have been trying for years to dance. The famous **BOLOT** System, the system that has stood the test for 25 years guarantees to make you an accomplished dancer in just 30 days — OR IT COSTS YOU NOT A PENNY — it will teach you all the latest dances — Slow Foxtrot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rhumba, Jitterbug, etc. — together with Modern Old-Time. The Bolot System never fails — you have Professor Bolot's personal guarantee.

IT'S NEW — IT'S FUN — IT'S EASY!

POST NOW

FRENCH DANCING ACADEMY (STUDIO 48), OXFORD ST., SYDNEY.

Dear Sir: Please send FREE book, "DANCING AS A FINE ART"

I enclose 4c in stamps for postage

Name (Please print) _____

Address _____

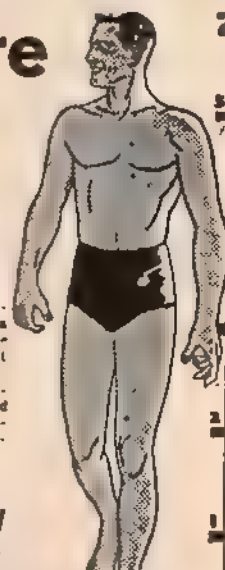
M1 4 66

Girls Admire Tall Men!

Sensational Results of New
Height Increase Treatment



In your own home it is now possible to increase your height by a Simple Natural Method. There are no drugs, nothing to get out of order, there is no risk, everything is simple and straightforward. This wonderful new method should add to your stature, improve your health and appearance at no cost!



FREE LITERATURE TELLS HOW

This sensational literature will show you the short-cut to a tall commanding personality. Through reading this wonderful literature hundreds have already increased their height, many are doing so at this moment. For a short while you can get one of these Treatises Free if you SEND AT ONCE

PROOF!

"GAINED THREE INCHES" "Without your help I would never have been able to join the Air Force. My height is now five feet seven inches, a gain of three inches in two months." — D.W.B. Waine

"GAINED ONE INCH"

"I have now completed two weeks' training and have already gained one inch in height." — K.N. South Toowoomba

SEND NO MONEY!

The Principal, SYDNEY PHYSICAL INSTITUTE

Dept. M6, Box 3573, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir — Please send me your remarkable literature "How To Increase My Height" enclose 4c stamp for postage

Name (Block letters) _____

Address _____

M1 4 66

MUGS OF THE WORLD — UNITE!

(Continued from page 6)

"But it'll be good enough for that dopey old bastard, Marcus Webb," he went on. "He wouldn't know good from bad the senile old coot. But he'll buy. And I'm the man to sell it to him."

Barry stared at him. His eyes behind the heavy glasses opened wide. "I thought this was an agency job," he said. "Don't you want to show it to old Simmons?"

Arnet laughed and slapped him again. "You're as naive as a schoolboy, kid," he said. "Let Simmons see this? Not bloody likely! Why should I bust my guts out for those mugs down there? No, son, this is mine."

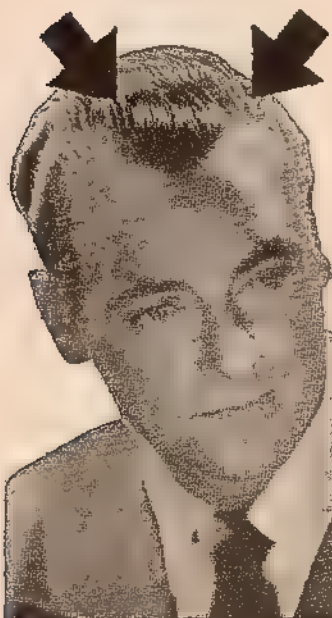
Barry still blinked his eyes. "You want to take it now?"

"Chuck's right," Sandra's voice called from the projection room. "We could cut a bit more on the swing down to the box. We can fix it up by this evening."

"So long as I get it," Arnet snapped. He put his hand on Barry's shoulder again. "And on one condition. That Sandra brings it up to my place."

HAIR

falling out?



It may be the "beginning of baldness". We don't claim miracles, but we apply a new scientific discovery that can stop falling hair, scurf, correct premature greyness and dry scalp. Grow new hair! Have thick, lustrous hair easily, rapidly with the KERATONE Hair Course. Write for free information (sent under plain cover) to:

HAIR CULTURE CENTRE,

Box 5052-A, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

"We kind of planned on going out..." Barry began, but Chuck cut him short.

"You want my business, pal, you agree to my terms. Right? Right, Sandra?"

"I'll be there," she said.

He went off whistling. By the front door, he called back, "By seven, Sandra. I'll be waiting."

He walked into the blazing sunshine, chuckling to himself. If there were mugs in the agency, then what was Barry Cotter? A short-sighted, dull slob who couldn't even tell when his wife was being pinched right out of his arms! He had both of them where he wanted. A little pressure and...

And here he was now, in the outer office of Brands Incorporated, waiting. A soft sound burred and the red-head reached for the box-like intercom that he knew went right to the boss. "Yes, Mr Webb?" she asked.

Chuck could almost hear the blood-shot, commanding voice crackling through her earpiece, maybe beating a military tattoo on her eardrums. For Marcus Webb imposed a regimental discipline on all who had business with him.

"Yes, of course. Right away, Mr Webb. Thank you." She turned to Chuck and rolled her eyes. "Mr Webb will see you now, Mr Arnet."

He smiled back and tightened his grip on the can of film. He picked up the heavy projector and marched toward the door. As it loomed larger, a tongue of doubt licked his stomach. He looked down at the girl. Her lips formed, "Good luck."

Inside, the atmosphere of a high court prevailed. And there, behind the huge mahogany desk, sat Marcus Webb, regarding him with a stern eye.

Somehow, Webb always reminded him of a giant, venomous lizard, so aged, tough and creased was his flesh and so deadly his tongue.

"I didn't send for you," he snapped.

"I took the liberty of..." "You advertising men take too many. What is it?" Marcus Webb rattled his bony fingers on the desk. "And make it brief."

"Mr Webb, sir," said Chuck, feeling his palms start to dampen, "you know I have the interests of your company at heart..."

"It pays your salary, Arnet," the old man snapped. "Why, I cannot understand. But what about our interests?"

Chuck Arnet was in up to his ears. He could not withdraw. "Our agency is not giving you service, sir."

"I am aware of that. Why?"

"Their commercials do not do you justice, sir — you or your company's products."

The old man's eyes seemed to grow smaller behind their creased surrounds. His head

twisted forward on its sinewy neck. His thin mouth drew into a straight line.

"But you have one that you think will, eh, Arnet?"

"Yes, sir." Chuck started to fumble with the projector, drawing out the electrical lead. "I think you will agree it is a professional job."

Marcus Webb leaned back, put his fingers together and began to chuckle.

"Don't shilly-shally, Arnet," he said. "You have made a commercial. You think it is better than your agency makes. If so, what?"

"I want to handle all of your company's advertising — make the commercials, write the ads, arrange the photography. At 30 percent less than you pay the agency."

The old tycoon's expression did not change. "Show me, Mr Arnet," he said. "You're an intelligent and ambitious man. You may be right. It's always easier to kick one man in the backside than a whole agency. Shoot."

Chuck Arnet assembled the film to the projector, focused the beam on the bare section of the wall, turned up the audio and flicked the switch.

The commercial flashed into brilliant view. The girl seemed to move even more gracefully and sexily than before. The sound of the cereal crunching filled the room. And the simple phrases, dripping with hidden

meanings, trumpeted silkily. "For my man." Pause. "And for your man." A long, significant pause. Then, "To set him up."

Chuck stopped the last part short and the picture hung on the wall. He was almost too afraid to look at Marcus Webb. When he did, he saw that the old man was smiling.

"To set him up," the warrior repeated. "Sexually, of course, Mr Arnet? Yes, yes. Very good. I like it. It will sell."

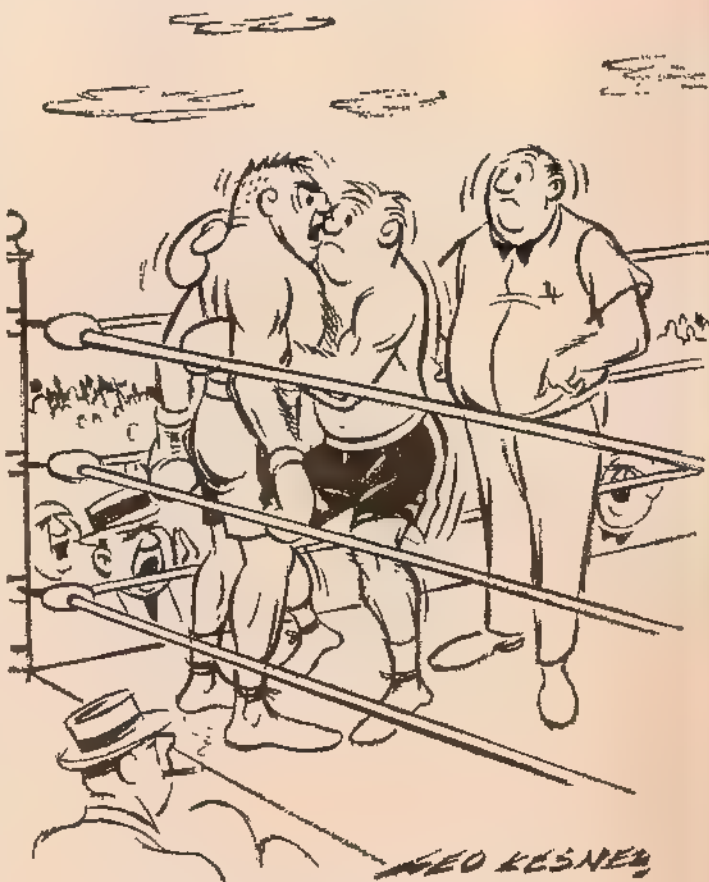
Chuck Arnet, with a shiver inside, knew then that he had the job, that the Big Day had paid off. He was in the big time. Thirty percent less than the agency would bring him \$18,000 a year, three times what he was getting now.

His palms now dripping, he wound back the film and set it going again. It was brilliant, dynamic, to the point. And old Marcus Webb kept his eyes and ears glued to it.

The film ran to the end and Chuck waited for the familiar sound as it released itself.

But it kept on whirring. And suddenly he was hearing his own voice, booming through the big office. His own voice, magnified four times.

His own voice. "... It'll be good enough for that dopey old bastard, Marcus Webb. He wouldn't know good from bad, the senile old coot. But he'll buy."



"I've gotten more affection in ten rounds with you than I've had in six years of married life!"

And I'm the man to sell it to him. Let Simmons see this? Not bloody likely! Why should I bust my guts out for those mugs down there? No, son, no — this is mine."

The machine fell silent. "Sit down, Mr Arnet," said Marcus Webb.

Chuck somehow lowered himself into a chair. He stared at the machine and felt the sweat running under his arms and down his brow.

"You overplayed your hand, Mr Arnet," the old man said. "I saw quite enough the first time."

Chuck lifted his head. The lizard's face was white and strained and had hard marbles for eyes.

"I — I can explain everything, Mr Webb," he gasped.

"I will give you the opportunity, Mr Arnet. Before an audience." Marcus Webb stabbed a button on the table. "Get Simmons here. And every member of his board of directors. In fifteen minutes."

"No," Chuck Arnet groaned. "No, please . . ."

"Remain seated!" the old man barked. "I am sure your colleagues do not share your view of my status."

And he started to work on some papers. He called in his secretary and gave her dictation. He spoke to the factory manager and ticked off his sales director.

In the period, Chuck Arnet died within himself, drying up and flaking off. He groaned once to himself, a long, choking groan.

The mugs had won. A mug like Barry Cotter. And he had got nothing from Sandra's

visit last night — nothing. But she had promised. "Tomorrow, Chuck," she had said, passing the can of film to him and evading his grasp. "You'll get my message tomorrow, Chuck."

He had. There it was, dead — but ready to come alive — inside the projector.

Mugs of the world, unite!

He was still sitting there, staring into space, when the agency's board filed respectfully in and gazed in surprise at him. The chief mug, Harry Simmons, was in the lead.

"Gentlemen," said Marcus Webb, "your Mr Arnet has something he wishes you to see." He thumped the desk and his voice rose to the commanding vibrance of a sergeant-major's. "You will play it through. Right through, Arnet! Arnet!"

Chuck Arnet wobbled to his knees, seeing the assembled mugs through a bloody haze, and set the machine going. Not a sound came from anyone as the commercial flickered on the white wall.

Just before the picture came to an end, he violently kicked the machine, sobbing uncontrolledly, but this made it worse. For his voice, resonating against the hard, jarrah floor sounded louder than ever and more arrogant.

He should never have tried to take Sandra Cotter from her husband, who was a mug — and you never knew how mugs would react to a little thing like that. #

THE GREAT AMORIST

(Continued from page 10)

Italian officials sent to convince him it would be best quietly to relinquish his Regency were politely received, feasted and fêted, then escorted with great ceremony to the city limits.

The government sent the warship *Andrea Doria*. Her captain delivered the ultimatum. In reply, the poet-turned ruler made a long speech, the gist of which was that he was staying put.

The navy man opened fire on the palace just as D'Annunzio sat down to enjoy his Christmas dinner, accompanied by a bevy of local beauties, on December 25, 1920.

While the ladies ran for cover, the Regent of Fiume, with his usual bravado, kept on eating.

Then he rose to assess the situation. As he moved to the windows, a shell burst in the courtyard and killed two of his Legionnaires. The next brought the roof of the banquet hall down around his head and a piece of falling masonry gashed open his bald pate. With blood stream-

ing down his face, he gave the order to evacuate to safer quarters.

After demolishing the palace, the captain ceased fire, loath to cause casualties among the civilian population, and the government sent troops overland to besiege the city.

But, as fighting broke out in the outer suburbs between the attacking regulars and D'Annunzio's private army, the captain of *Andrea Doria* received orders to resume the shelling. Civilians began to die in the ruins of their homes.

D'Annunzio would have fought on to the end for his rather comic opera Regency of Fiume but for repeated deputations of townsfolk saying he had no right to cause suffering among the innocent.

Because of his services during the war and his great popularity with a large section of the Italian people, Gabriele D'Annunzio was not brought to trial for armed rebellion. Instead he received a generous grant from the government with which he bought a rambling castle on Lake Garda, where he remained until his death in 1938. #

FOR MEN ONLY

Now, Without Cost, You Can Learn the Secret of **INCREASED VITALITY**

Be vitally vigorous again! Don't let that tired despondent feeling get you down! Don't put up with premature ageing; loss of interest in sport, work, play! Now with this **FREE SAMPLE** offer you can prove to yourself as so many thousands of other Australian men have done, that from the time you start **NU-MAN** your life begins anew. With **NU-MAN** you'll feel stronger, more masculine, more able to cope with life's everyday problems. You'll get back surging vitality and vigor, feel young again.

NU-MAN BUILDS HE MEN

Try it now. **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. Tear this out and send with your name and address today. We'll send your **FREE SAMPLE** in plain wrapper by return mail without obligation.

A. B. WARD & CO.,
Dept. NM96, G.P.O., Box 3323, SYDNEY

Married Men and Women Only

Husband and Wife Relationship

By DANIEL NEALE (Consultant-Lecturer)

Mr. D. Neale, author and sole distributor of **HUSBAND and WIFE RELATIONSHIP**, has been praised and acclaimed for his advice on marital love by people in the highest levels of society.

The following letter appeared in a leading Newspaper:

"We must surely erect a statue for Mr. Daniel Neale for his advice on love. Neale's approach is absolutely unique and offers a complete answer for the maritally maladjusted. I was always under the impression that my husband and I were perfectly compatible, and what a surprise it was for us when we followed Neale's expert advice which so enriched our spiritual and physical lives that we are now closer together and more in love with each other than ever before. If we, who thought we were well adjusted, experienced such unique satisfaction I can well imagine what happiness awaits those who have never known complete fulfilment. We have read all available books on the subject but have now, for the first time, found a complete answer in Neale's advice. Neale deserves the highest praise. His services should be extended to all maladjusted couples."

HAVE YOU OBTAINED A COPY YET?

If you are married you may send for a copy now.

Send \$1.00 to D. Neale, G.P.O., Box 73, SYDNEY.

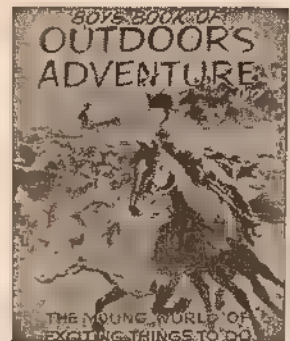
A HANDSOME BOOK FOR EVERY BOY!

Thrills, instructs, entertains

Boys Book of OUTDOORS ADVENTURE

Bushcraft. Hunting.
Camping. Fishing. Nature.
Things to make and do.
Hobbies. Pastimes. Sport.
True adventure articles.

The Boys' Book of
Outdoors Adventure
has been compiled for
Australian and New
Zealand boys . . .
of all ages!



It covers the entire field of outdoor life—from reading the weather to finding water; from safe shooting to finding one's way when lost; everything from cooking a damper to kicking a football; from bows and arrows to modern guns; from baiting a hook to treating a burned thumb.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF OUTDOORS ADVENTURE

160 PAGES—8½ INS. BY 11½ INS.—FULLY
ILLUSTRATED. PUBLISHED BY MURRAY. 35/-.

Available throughout Australia and New Zealand including:
Melbourne: TECHNICAL BOOK AND MAGAZINE CO. Sydney:
DYMCK'S BOOK ARCADE. Brisbane: PHOENIX BOOK STORE
Perth: WHITCOMBE & TOMBS PTY. LTD. Adelaide: RIGBY LTD.

BODY IN THE BAY

(Continued from page 33)

Wounded during the retreat from Kalamata Beach in the Peloponnese, and evacuated to Crete, he fled field hospital and rejoined his unit in time to answer Major Torr's call for volunteers.

Stripped naked, their bodies glistening with protective grease against fire-bomb burns, the Australians toiled like madmen in neck-deep water, swarming over the burning, wrecked and beached ships in the lulls between air raids.

Another squadron of Stuka dive-bombers came over. Harry's squad took shelter on the lee side of a Royal Navy transport lying on its gutted starboard side along the beach. Spotting a 40 mm Bofors gun on a mounting aft the bridge, Harry Howard asked his men to give him a hand.

He tried to swivel the gun and bring it to bear on the next wave of Nazi planes, but the deck plates were twisted. The bent gun mounting permitted firing only in one direction — and at one angle — 47 degrees.

While his men scurried about for ammunition in the lockers, Harry placed a five-shell clip into the breech, sighted along the barrel and

pressed down hard on the firing pedal.

The five shells arced towards a German Stuka pulling out of a dive. The first four exploded at distances of 500, 400, 300 and 200 yards ahead of the Nazi plane. The fifth literally rammed its armor-piercing cone through the German pilot's cockpit, blowing his plane to smithereens.

Wild cheers went up from the half-drowned Australians, swimming for their lives in water crimson with the blood of wounded men, littered with debris and flaming with oil from crashing aircraft and burning ships.

The struggle for Suda Bay went on for two more weeks, until the Germans dropped paratroops and airborne infantry just after sunrise on May 20, 1941.

Major Torr's outfit had salvaged crates with 500 Bren gun and 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition just before the Nazis landed from trimotored Junkers 82 transports and stubby-winged, bat-like gliders.

The Australians took cover in man-made caves which honeycombed the cliffs overlooking the beaches and mowed down the attacking waves of German airborne troops.

Bofors guns and the 3.7-in. pieces were transferred to new positions, their barrels

depressed to fire along the beaches. They made short shift of Nazi seaplanes which landed in the bay with reinforcements and engineering equipment.

But local successes could not change the general picture. After a valiant five-day stand, the Australians were forced to retreat across the mountains to evacuation areas on Crete's southern coast.

The single dirt track to Sfakia was cluttered with columns of stragglers and demoralized troops who found themselves surprised and overwhelmed by Australian soldiers who provided the rear-guard to slow down the Germans long enough for the bulk of British and Greek forces to be taken off the beaches by motor launches and destroyers.

By the time Major Torr's outfit reached Sfakia, the last Royal Navy ships were gone, leaving thousands of troops stranded on the narrow strip of gravel between the mountains and the sea.

No help could be expected during the day — with the Luftwaffe ruling the skies — and the senior British general decided to surrender to the Nazis. Resistance under the circumstances would have been useless, and additional bloodshed could serve no strategic or tactical purpose.

The men of Harry Howard's squad decided to get away from the beach, buy or steal a fishing boat from a nearby Greek village and sail across the placid Mediterranean to Egypt, where the British Eighth Army was reorganizing to face Nazi Fieldmarshal Erwin Rommel's Africa Corps.

On their way to Paleochora village, the Australians came upon a wounded soldier from the 209th Company of Royal Engineers. This was a unit composed of Jewish volunteers from Palestine. The soldier, Lance-Corporal Abraham Galili, was about to blow his brains out with a Webley pistol when Harry Howard knocked the gun from his hands.

"Why do yourself in, mate?" he wanted to know.

Galili explained that the Germans were killing all Jewish prisoners, and he preferred to die by his own hand.

"You come with us, we'll take care of you, Jack," Howard said and helped the wounded man to his feet to half-lead, half-carry him toward the village.

They found a fisherman willing to give them his boat, on the condition they took his nephew — an officer of the Greek gendarmerie across the sea to Egypt. After an adventurous voyage of four days, the boat arrived at Mersa Matruh. Abraham Galili was sent to hospital. He eventually be-

came a sergeant-major in the Palestine Brigade and served as an officer in the Israeli Ordnance Corps during the 1948 War of Independence.

Harry Howard joined Major Xan Fielding's "Crefo" (Crete Reconnaissance Force) and was landed on Paleochora Beach from a British submarine with Lieutenant Jamieson's team two months later.

The lieutenant and his radio operator were killed in a skirmish with the Germans. Howard, by then a sergeant, found refuge with a band of *andartes*, old-style Greek guerrillas who took to the hills not so much for political or patriotic reasons, as for loot and the pleasure of settling old scores with personal enemies.

Here began the third chapter of Harry Howard's life.

Mrs Lola Howard wore black when I met her in the house of her younger sister, Katerini, in Heraklion.

"The dirty fascists killed Harry because he would not lead them to the Corfu hoard," she wept as she accepted my condolences.

"But I heard he was friendly with the right-wing organizations and monarchists," I said to her.

She shrugged. "Harry did not care about politics. He loved adventure, boats and fun. After escaping from the Nazi dragnet, he hid in the cellar of our house. My brother, Costas, led him to the band of *andartes* in the hills. But a fascist traitor denounced us to the Germans.

"Nazi soldiers surrounded our house one night in March, 1942. They clubbed my father to death and poured flaming gasoline over my mother's head. Katerini and I were assaulted by the Germans and we were destined for a military brothel near Retimnon.

"On the way, our convoy was ambushed by the *andartes*. We fled in the confusion and joined Costas in the mountains. I fell in love with Harry, who after the death of my brother, was elected a leader.

"We were on the run most of the time, but had our good moments as well. There were two organized anti-Nazi resistance movements on the island — the pro-British RHX and the pro-communist ELAS. Our band was considered an anarchist outfit by both sides, but they left us alone after Harry led us to the caves off Suda Bay where we recovered crates of Bren guns and ammunition. These were disposed of through intermediaries to both RHX and ELAS.

"We mostly raided the farms of pro-Nazi collaborators, slit their throats, killed their cattle and confiscated their property. From time to time, we set up ambushes along the roads, killed Ger-



"How do I like WHAT bracelet my husband bought last week?"

man dispatch riders, placed mines along the tracks used by Nazi patrols and tossed home-made incendiary bombs into enemy fuel dumps and supply depots.

"A few days before the German retreat from Crete in September, 1944, our men captured two Nazi pilots who waded ashore at Episkopi Beach, after baling out of a burning Dornier seaplane, shot down by British fighters.

"The treatment we meted out to captive Germans was pretty routine. If they were SS storm troopers, SD security officers or members of the Nazi police, we garroted them slowly with piano wire, forcing them to shout 'Heil Hitler!' until they choked.

"If they were members of the regular armed forces, we just shot them and dumped their bodies into the sea. I know it sounds brutal today, but guerrilla fighting is inhuman and so is war. No one invited the Germans to occupy Crete, burn our villages and rape our women.

"But the two pilots turned out to be a special case. The moment we ordered them to strip naked and kneel down on the sand, they understood what was in store for them and offered to lead us to a fabulous fortune worth 60 million Reichsmarks in gold, about 15 million dollars at today's prices.

"Harry was sure it was just a Nazi trick designed to gain a few more hours of time until they were rescued, or could plot their escape.

"But the German fliers drew maps with their fingers on the sand, showing the exact location of the hoard. They said that during the German invasion of Yugoslavia in April, 1941, a convoy of armored cars loaded with gold ingots from the Yugoslav National Bank in Belgrade made its way south to the port of Dubrovnik, where a gunboat was waiting to sail for Alexandria. In Corfu Channel, between the Greek mainland and the Albanian border, the Yugoslav gunboat was sunk by German bombers.

"It took the Nazis a few years to learn of the hoard's story, organise a salvage expedition, locate the gunboat's wreck and bring the ingots up one by one.

"They were still at it when Yugoslav partisans struck along the coast, together with Albanian and Greek guerrillas, occupying the offshore islands. German Navy headquarters, which was in charge of the salvage operation, sent a squadron of six Dornier seaplanes to fly the gold to Vienna. But by the time the planes arrived off Corfu, British cruisers and destroyers, protected by American planes from Itali-

an airfields, were sweeping up and down the straits.

"The German commander in charge decided to load the salvaged gold back aboard one of the barges, cover it with a protective layer of basalt rocks and tow it out to be sunk in mid-channel, in 100 fathoms of water. The Dornier seaplanes were diverted to evacuate Nazi officials from Crete.

"We kept the captives alive until we secured navigation charts of Corfu Channel and forced them to mark the exact location of the hoard. We then handed over the prisoners to an ELAS band in exchange for two casks of red wine.

"A week later, British troops landed on our island. Harry rejoined the Special Force commandos and took part in the amphibious operations in the Aegean Sea. He was discharged with the rank of lieutenant and went back home to Australia.

"Frankly, I did not expect to see him again. But in April, 1946, he was back this time for keeps. We were married in May, but our honeymoon was brief and sad.

"Civil war between the monarchists and communists erupted in the wake of liberation and both sides were hungry for arms. Harry took no sides in the conflict, but sought out some veterans of his *andartes* band and sold weapons recovered from old wartime dumps. He made a lot of money that way, until the gendarmerie arrested him in January, 1947, and tossed him into prison on gunrunning charges.

"Under emergency regulations, he could have been shot without trial. But, thanks to Harry's connection with the right-wing RHX monarchists who now supported the government forces, he was released two years later, and not even expelled from Greece.

"In 1950, Harry went into business with two of the richest men on the island. They lent him money to buy a dozen fishing boats which he chartered to tourists, or used for hauling special delivery freight from one island to the other. In 1955, he bought a surplus British motor torpedo boat, which he reconditioned as a souped-up yacht and renamed it *Lola* in my honor, after I had given birth to a son.

"Sometimes I think Harry loved *Lola* more than he loved me. He lavished all his care and affection on the boat, and was gone for weeks on end. I knew he was trying to locate the Corfu hoard, and that was the reason why the two businessmen lent him money in the first place.

"I tried to warn him against getting too deeply into the gold business. After

all, we were happy together without being millionaires. But he did not listen to me, and paid with his life for it."

Tears rolled down Mrs Howard's pretty face as she got up to leave the room.

To find out more about Harry Howard's fourth life, I called on one of his business associates in his cluttered office overlooking the bustling harbor of Heraklion.

The man told me, "Harry Howard was not only my business partner, but a very good friend as well. His sudden death was a great shock to me. You ask whether our partnership was in any way prompted by the lure of \$15 million in gold and if that could be the reason for Harry's sticky end.

"I will be frank with you. I knew Harry well — since the days of the Second World War, when we were both fighting the Germans. He was with an *andartes* band in the mountains, while I headed RHX sabotage and intelligence-gathering activities in the Heraklion area.

"When I learned of Harry's arrest on gunrunning charges, and the death sentence with which he was threatened during the Civil War, I signed influential RHX leaders to a petition which secured his release after a relatively short period of imprisonment. I then lent him money to buy fishing boats. Yes, we certainly discussed the Corfu gold hoard and made plans to recover it.

OVER 40?

REGAIN VIRILITY

through sensational
modern treatment

In the 40s of every man the 4th, 5th and 6th decades are the most critical that is from 40 to 60. During these years certain changes occur. Capacity of cell growth and tissue repair are lessened. Instability, depression, loss of confidence and mental exhaustion occur.

This ageing process generally begins with a gradual depletion of certain vital gland secretions within the system. The discovery of Juvenasan has established that these all-important secretions can be stimulated and man's prime can be prolonged. A method has now been evolved of extracting a colloidal bio-catalyst which is introduced into the system through the unbroken skin.

Four to five drops of Juvenasan massaged into the inner forearm will in a short while be absorbed right into the bloodstream. The benefits of Juvenasan appear within a few hours — sometimes within an even shorter time. Test for 1 day is regarded as a feeling of improved restoration. A sign of a feeling of well being quickly noticed.

A special container holding sufficient Juvenasan for six weeks' treatment costs \$7.00 (from all chemists).

If unobtainable locally, complete the following and post enclosing \$4.00 including postage and packing for each course of treatment.

J.P.M. Pharmaceuticals
12 Whiting St. Artarmon N.S.W.
I enclose Postal Note/Money Ord /
Cheque for \$
Please forward JUVENASAN M.
(Male) JUVENASAN F. (Female)
Name _____
Address _____
M4 ch "ST" _____

THE RARE SEX

by Frederick C. Folkard

THE
RARE
SEX



IT WILL BE READ
RE-READ AND
ARGUED ABOUT

REVEALING ★ ENTHRALLING
EXCITING ★ CONTROVERSIAL

Experts say the Australian girl is the best-looking and best-built female in the whole Western world — a beautiful but bold creature who knows what she wants and makes sure that she gets it.

THE RARE SEX is her fascinating story — what she went through to become what she is. How she shocks (and sometimes appals) those from politer societies. Her dramatic, inspiring adventures during the pioneer days — right down to the hennaed molls of gangland.

AN IDEAL BUY FOR
YOURSELF, YOUR FRIENDS
OR TO SEND OVERSEAS
AS A GIFT

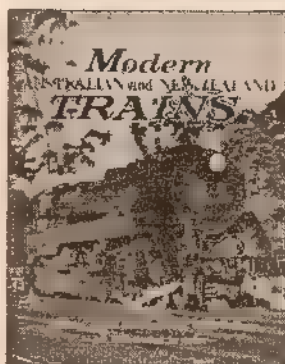
THE RARE SEX is an entertaining, no-holds-barred, and often critical — analysis of that fascinating creature, the Australian female.

ILLUSTRATION IN ORIGINAL ART — 208 PAGES —
6" WIDE x 9 1/4" DEEP — FULL CASE BOUND WITH
A STRIKING COLOR DUST JACKET — PRICE 35/6

Available throughout Australia & New Zealand including: Melbourne: ROBERTSON & MULLENS LTD Sydney: ANGUS & ROBERTSON LTD Brisbane: QUEENSLAND BOOK DEPOT Perth: ALBERTS BOOK SHOP LTD Adelaide: BECK BOOK CO LTD

Modern AUSTRALIAN and NEW ZEALAND TRAINS

Here is a magnificent all-pictorial volume, presenting 100 big action color photographs of today's Australian and New Zealand trains.



The whole panorama of today's push-button railroad-ism is depicted in these pages . . . the sleek and colorful luxury expresses . . . the quickening pace of standardisation . . . the unusual work trains of the canefields and mines . . . and the shape of the coming freight transportation age.

AN IDEAL GIFT
FOR THAT MAN
OR BOY OF ANY AGE

● PRINTED ON GLOSSY ART PAPER. ● STRIKING COLOR DUST JACKET. ● SIZE: 8½" WIDE BY 11½" DEEP. ● PRICE 45/- OR \$4.50.

Available throughout Australia and New Zealand including:
Melbourne: TECHNICAL BOOK AND MAGAZINE CO. Sydney: DYMOCK'S BOOK ARCADE. Brisbane: PHOENIX BOOK STORE. Perth: WHITCOMBE & TOMBS PTY. LTD. Adelaide: RIGBY LTD.

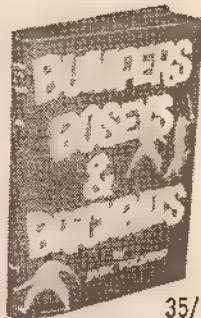
2 GREAT NEW BOOKS ON CRICKET

Bumpers, Boseys & Brickbats

Well-known sports writer Jack Pollard answers an urgent need of ardent cricket followers in his book—a guide to the game's most notorious controversies.

Here, in one volume, the juiciest cricket scandals are carefully documented . . . How evil were cricket's betting scandals? Who started the 20-minute punch-up in the Australian selectors' rooms? How many players have been killed by bouncers? When did England refuse to bat against aborigine Jack March?

It's all here in this irreverent, but always entertaining book of cricket mayhem—Bumpers, Boseys and Brickbats.



35/6.

Some of it was Cricket

Author, Frank Browne is probably better known as a controversial figure in politics or his radio commentating.

Contained in the paging of Browne's book is cricket at its dramatic best . . . Bradman's 1948 team's triumphal march through England . . . the 1936 English tour haunted by the ghost of bodyline . . . Australian cricket under Ritchie Benaud . . . the thrilling West Indies tour of 1960-61 . . . the Sinful Ball of Bosanquet that has become England's curse . . . Some Of It Was Cricket.



35/6.

Available throughout Australia and New Zealand including.
Melbourne: TECHNICAL BOOK AND MAGAZINE CO. Sydney: DYMOCK'S BOOK ARCADE. Brisbane: PHOENIX BOOK STORE. Perth: WHITCOMBE & TOMBS PTY. LTD. Adelaide: RIGBY LTD.

"There were many technical problems which had to be solved first, and after they had been taken care of, unexpected political complications foiled our project.

"The gold belonged to Yugoslavia, in the first place. It had been stolen by the Nazis from the vaults of the Yugoslav National Bank in Belgrade. It was inevitable that Yugoslav agents should learn of the planned salvage operation. They threatened strong-arm action unless we agreed to hand over nine-tenths of the gold to them. Then the territorial waters dispute erupted between Albania and Greece."

The Corfu Channel is nine to 20 miles wide. It is 10 miles wide where the hoard was dumped by the Germans in 1944. Had both countries respected the International law, and imposed three-mile territorial water limits, the hoard could have been retrieved from the neutral zone without much ado. But after the war, most countries doubled and quadrupled their territorial water limits. Greece increased its sphere to six miles, Albania to 12. The result was that the hoard was now located in a disputed area, with overlapping claims.

Since Albania was not on speaking terms with either Greece or Yugoslavia, no one could start a salvage operation without drawing the fire of Albanian shore batteries. Greek gunboats or Yugoslav destroyers.

There are quite a few hoards which cannot be retrieved, for political, technical or economic reasons. The Corfu treasure is one of them.

"I think perhaps Mrs Howard is right," he went on. Veterans of the Nazi Security Service and Neo-Nazi agents have been active in Greece lately. Disguised as respectable West German businessmen, they have been renting villas on Greek islands, chartering yachts and fishing boats for sightseeing trips. The Nazis still regard the hoard as their wartime loot.

"We last heard of Harry three weeks before his disappearance. His yacht was chartered by a group of wealthy American tourists who wanted to sail from Kalamata to Volos, via Patras and the Isthmus of Corinth.

"For all I know, Nazi agents could have posed as Americans to snatch Harry and force him to disclose the location of the Corfu hoard. His yacht was found abandoned in Volos Bay, deserted by its four-man crew. The four missing men were picked up unconscious from the gutters of Volos waterfront alleys. Someone had slipped them drugged drinks and knocked them out with black-jacks.

"And Harry's body was fished out of Corinth Bay. He lived a violent life, and died a violent death — may God have mercy on his soul . . ."

There were a few more questions I wanted to ask the businessman. First, the old-timers of Nazi Security Service knew better than Harry where the Corfu hoard was located and realised it could not be recovered as long as political conditions remained unsettled in the area. So they would not kidnap him and kill him, unless motivated by political revenge. But Harry was not interested in politics, and there were hundreds of former guerrillas who killed more Germans than he did.

If some free-lance gang did him in, after trying to find out the secret of the gold, they would have tortured him for information and dumped his body way out in the open sea. Instead, his body showed no signs of violence other than the steel spike, and it was found floating a short distance offshore. The coroner returned a verdict of accidental death.

The businessman got up to indicate the interview was over. "You ask too many questions, my friend. My daughter is getting married next month, and I plan to attend her wedding alive, not in a coffin." He escorted me to the door.

The full circumstances of Harry Howard's death may never be solved.

He was buried at the Greek-Orthodox cemetery in Heraklion. The funeral was attended by hundreds of wartime guerrillas, anti-Nazi resistance veterans and local community leaders. No officials were present.

In the hole-in-the-wall cafes on Heraklion's waterfront, where plump waitresses serve *kokoretsi* snacks with pungent *retsina* wine, old smugglers and gun runners chew the fat and gossip about the case. They go so far as to say the man who died was Harry's double. Harry himself was a secret agent for the British Intelligence — or the Greeks — or both, the cafe habitués believe. But all this is typical Middle East rumor-mongering.

But no matter what is the truth — and it will perhaps never be known — two facts stand out:

● A hoard of gold ingots valued at more than \$15 million is waiting to be retrieved from the bottom of the sea off the Albanian coast in Corfu Channel.

● Alive or dead, Harry Howard was one of the most adventurous, courageous, daring and heroic Australians who ever lived. He inspired admiration, loyalty and devotion in those who knew him. He had lived a fuller life than most of us can ever expect. #

JOHNNY COME QUIETLY

(Continued from page 14)

Now and again he was conscious of the men on either side, toiling as he was for the town behind him. Once, Big Johnny loomed up, chopping with superhuman strength at a blazing tree, bringing it down in a rush of sparks before it could spread, torch wise, to the next.

The flames were in retreat before Jim realised it. He heard the shouted encouragement and was aware of reinforcements moving through the choking gloom. He paused a moment, leaning against a sapling, heaving with the effort of the gruelling work.

Someone shouted, pointing at the foliage above him. A chance spark had set the tree ablaze. Jim turned with one movement, the axe-handle hot in his grasp as he slashed grimly at the trunk. He felt a savage anger at a fire that could admit defeat then spring so unexpectedly into menace again.

As he swung, he became aware of another axe-stroke in rhythm with his own. Johnny had arrived. Under his powerful strokes the cut at the tree base widened as if by magic.

His deep voice shouted, hoarse with smoke, "Stand clear, Jim. She'll fall your way. Stand clear!"

Jim dropped the axe and sprang, caught his foot among the creepers, struggled for balance, hands outstretched, then crashed his length on the rough ground

while the blazing tree fell like a meteor toward him.

With a speed unbelievable in a man of his size, Johnny turned and lunged. As the trunk pivoted downward, his axe bit deep just below the first fork. Grasping the axe in both ham-sized fists, Johnny continued his lunge. The by-standers held their breath. No man, not even the mighty Johnny, could divert a falling tree. The young police officer was done for.

But as seventeen stone of live weight was flung against it, the burning tree groaned and twisted, only a little, but enough. The main trunk missed Jim by inches.

He lay prone under the mass of boughs, clothing afire, skin lacerated by a hundred glowing twigs, a pain like a knife-wound in his side. For a moment, he thought it was the end.

Then, the searing branches were swept away and a voice said earnestly, "Jim! Are you all right?"

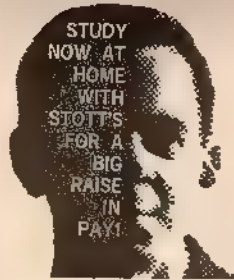
Jim tried a deep breath, and decided to manage without, for the time being. Somewhere in his consciousness, beyond the agonising pain of a multitude of minor burns and scratches, he could hear Johnny's words: "Couldn't stand up like a man — can't abide a coward."

So far, he had been able to manage Johnny, simply by staying on top of the situation. What would happen to his authority if he had to admit to weakness now? He had no desire to find out.

With a mighty effort, he got to his knees, then to his feet. It wasn't too bad, if he didn't try to breathe deeply. He dusted his ruined shirt



"Forget him, he's happily divorced."



Stotts

Technical Correspondence College

Australia's most experienced technical correspondence college

Reap the rewards of life. Learn a technical skill or profession now, and raise your pay — and gain the benefits of prestige and greater satisfaction. Enrol now for one of Stott's excellent home-study courses. Enjoy learning from Stott's systematic step-by-step instruction. Check this list for the Course that will raise your pay — then mail the coupon for complete details.

Accountancy Dip	Showcard and Ticket Writing	Elementary English
Secretarship Dip	Dairy Farming	Arithmetic
Sales Management	Livestock Breeding & Management	Backward Adults
Advertising Dip	Soil Management & Farm Crops	French, German
Factory Management	Dairy Supervisors Exam	Latin, Italian
Production Control	Head Testers	Automobile Mech
Elementary Cost Accounting	Sheep Husbandry & Management	Diesel Engineering
Bookkeeping C/Cal. Farm Station	Farm Mechanics	Machine Shop Practice
Typewriting	Handwriting	Fitting, Lathe Work
Shorthand—Pitman's Forkner	Radio for Amateurs	Milling, Grinding
Commercial Corres	Defective Speech Correction	Shaping, Planing
Window Dressing/Display	Leaving/Inter Cert Junior & Senior	Slatting
Short Story Writing	Public Cert	Draftsmanship (Mech & Struct'l)
Free Lance Journalism	Police Entrance Exams	Survey Plan Drawing
TV/Radio	General Education English Grammar & Expression	Road Construction
Scriptwriting		Electric Wiring Exams
Complete C/Cal Art		Building Construction
Fashion Drawing		Builder's Drawing
Cartooning		Estimating & Tendering
Drawing & Sketching		Specification Writing
Water Colour		

If your Course is not listed, write for information on the complete range of Stott's Courses.

POST THIS COUPON

STOTT'S TECHNICAL CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE PTY. LTD.

157 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, 583 George Street, Sydney, 280 Adelaide Street, Brisbane, 45 Gillies Street, Adelaide, 1136 Hay Street, Perth.

Please send me your Prospectus

Mr.

NAME: Mrs.

Miss

ADDRESS

AGE

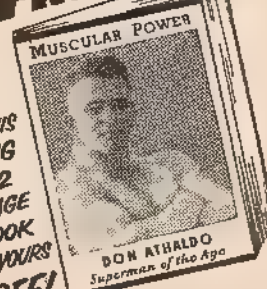
I understand that no representative will call on me

M 466

GET A NEW BODY!

QUICKLY — EASILY — SECRETLY
FREE BOOK Shows You How Simple It Is!

FREE!



It reveals secrets that change listless weaklings into husky specimens of manhood. How pounds of muscle can be added where needed — how to take off fat — to banish constipation, pimples, skin blotches, and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life — how to get the health, strength and pep that will win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man. Fill in this coupon and get your FREE BOOK and a new body—now!

Coupon
DON ATHALDO, Box 1415, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Here's my name and address (in block letters) and six stamps for postage. Send me your Free Book.

THE AUSTRALIAN Surfrider

(THE THIRD IMPRESSION)

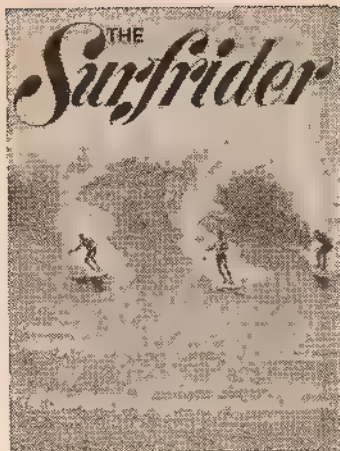
The Australian Surfrider is an outstanding book which is likely to be read, re-read until it falls apart! It is a complete textbook of body and board surfing, full of articles by the elite among the experts. In a clear, accurate and incisive manner surf champs such as Midget Farrelly, Bob Evans, Jon Donohoe, Bluey Moyes reveal the secrets of successful surfing.

The Australian Surfrider is an eye-catching book with more than 150, some breathtaking, photographs.

IF YOU'RE NOT A "GOOFY-FOOTER", CAN'T HANG FIVE OR DO A QUASIMODO OR ARE JUST PLAIN INTERESTED, THE AUSTRALIAN SURFRIDER IS FOR YOU — PRICE \$3.45 (34/6)

Available throughout Australia & New Zealand including.

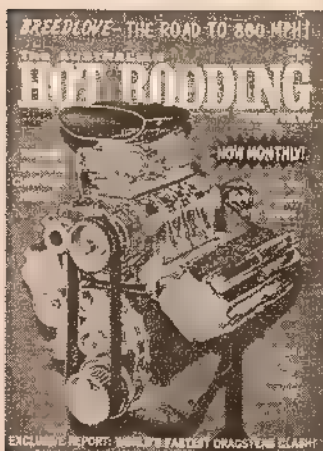
Melbourne: ROBERTSON & MULLENS Sydney. ANGUS & ROBERTSON. Brisbane. QUEENSLAND BOOK DEPOT Adelaide RIGBY LTD Perth WHITCOMBE & TOMBS



**WE'RE A
MONTHLY
NOW!**

THE AUSTRALIAN HOT RODDING REVIEW

Now you can get with the strength 12 times a year, be up with the professional racers and the smoking rails as they blast down the quarter mile year in and year out. Read the gas reports and the right technical features, brought to you by the best writers in the hot rodding business — bar none.



Wherever there's action, we'll be there. Talking, photographing, interviewing and feeling out the true inside story and bringing it right into your home, your workshop and all the other places you like to relax for an hour or two.

Jump to it and get with AHRR, the Rumpsville of hot rodding. This is where the rodders come — where all the people know about mechanical things. Don't be a squirrel, stoke that "mutha" to the nearest bookstall or newsagent every 30 days and get with AHRR — the twin-pipe poppa of boss magazines.

★ 64 Pages ★ Spectacular Photographs
★ The Latest News ★ Price 30c (3/-)

down with blistered hands. "Not too bad, thanks, Johnny," he said coolly, "Be careful where you drop the next tree, will you?"

There was a roar of laughter, Johnny's great bass loudest of all. A dozen fresh hands had beaten out the blaze. The breezes had dropped and the hazard was over.

Jim grinned at his prisoner. "What do you say to a drink before we go?"

Johnny's eyes were troubled. "You mind if I see Tessa?"

She was waiting at the mill, where the women had made tea and sandwiches. The tea tasted better than anything Jim could remember. He let the women fuss round him, tending his hurts. Tessa had turned her back to him, talking in low, passionate tones to her huge lover. Jim thought it best to break it up.

"Well, Johnny," he said cheerfully, "let's go."

Johnny turned obediently towards him, but Tessa was there first.

"No!" she cried. "Haven't you any heart, Jim Sheldon? He fought that fire harder than any man — he saved your miserable carcass. Now you want to hang him!"

"Oh, come, Tess," he said reasonably. "It may not come to that. It isn't for me to say. I'm only doing my job. Johnny will get a fair trial."

He tried to catch Johnny's eye, signal a withdrawal, but she flew between them.

"Fair trial, is it?" she sobbed. "I'll give you fair trial!"

She sprang at Sheldon claws outstretched. He tried to fend her off gently, but she fought like a wild thing. Tessa was all woman, but she was nearly as big as the average man. Embarrassed, Jim grappled with her. He felt a tug at his belt and roared in protest as his service revolver, torn free of the holster, arched through the air to land at the feet of the astonished Johnny.

"Are you a man or a mouse?" she shouted at him. "Stick up for yourself, you great loon!"

She punched Jim savagely in the side, and he doubled up gasping, as the pain from his broken rib lanced through him. As he struggled to disentangle himself one part of his mind was wondering what Johnny would do now.

Then suddenly the pressure was off and Tessa was sprawling on the ground, Johnny standing over her.

"That's no way to go on," he was saying mildly. "What I done, I got to stand trial for. Taint nothing to do with Constable Jim Sheldon. He's only doing his duty. You mind yourself, lass, or I'll take my belt to you, hear?"

She said, "Yes, Johnny," meek as a Quaker and he

let her find her own feet. Her magnificent, dark eyes were swimming with tears. "I love you so," she murmured.

He nodded, patting her hand with his great bear's paw.

"I know, lass, I love you, too. You'll wait for me, Tess?"

She nodded. Jim stepped forward.

"Come on, Johnny."

Johnny handed him the revolver butt first and pushed his wrists awkwardly forward.

Jim shook his head. "We don't need them," he said.

Once the jeep was rolling, he tossed the handcuffs over.

"Put them on when we get near town — make it look good."

The steel links looked like a watch-chain in Johnny's hands.

The township left behind. Jim said, "Why didn't you shoot me while you had the chance?"

Johnny grinned wryly. "I might have hit my girl."

"That's not the real reason, is it?"

"No, Jim. I reckon some can do it in cold blood and some can't. I couldn't kill a man on purpose."

They were silent together. Then Johnny said, "I'm not coming back, am I, Jim?"

"I wouldn't say that. Depends. If you're convicted of manslaughter, it might not be too bad. Plenty of people would bear witness that you had provocation."

"It wouldn't make any difference, would it, what happened back there today?"

"I'll certainly see that it does, if I possibly can," Jim said warmly. "Not the part about Hedley — but about you saving my life."

"Thanks, Jim. You're a good man. Jim — look after Tessa, will you?"

The rattling of the jeep was jarring his tired body and the broken rib nagged at his side. But at that moment a most vivid memory came to Jim of Tessa pressed against him. His senses relived overwhelmingly the scent of her hair, blown about his face, the strength of her, the proud swell of her bosom and the red lips parted so near his own.

He held his muscles taut against the pain and laughed, slapping Big Johnny on the thigh. "God in Heaven, man," he said "what makes you think you can trust her with me?" #

**SEE YOU LATER,
PATER?**

*I doubt if there's
a single cat
Can tell you where
his Dad lives at.*

—Ian Healy.

LOST SOUL ON THE ROAD TO HELL

(Continued from page 26)

Less the ones he'd lose at some chick's place; less the ones he'd rip up in drunken or, as he called it, artistic rage at his own inadequacy, and less another one or two which he'd have to rewrite and which would never get done.

That would leave one or two or, at the most, three pages. Three in three months. And Mac? Had he sold a painting? How many more celebrations had he been on? Had he beaten his liver-splitting record of 27 consecutive days as full as a goog?

Damn it, I thought. There are too many questions I want answered. I'm going down to see.

I took a taxi down to the other end, got out and breathed the rejuvenating air of free life, heard the mixed mumbo-jumbo of a dozen swinging combos coming from a dozen cellar dives and melting into one hotch-potch of inter-weaving sound. Heard the drunken laughter of devil-may-care couples as they hogged their way down the footpath, heard the screaming wail of a police siren here, the screeching brakes of a dangerously driven car there; the righteous admonishments of nearly skittled pedestrians, the "Up you's" of couldn't-care-less drivers and the laughter of a lot of happy people.

Happy people.

Laughter.

Laughter was the main thing I heard, the thing that I'd really been missing. Laughter from people who had a good idea of what life was all about. Laughter from people who weren't murky black shadows behind the symbolic frosted glass walls of myriad, pokey offices.

I breathed deep. Man, this part of town was with it.

I strode down the street

towards Black's Barn where Randy, Mac and the mob would be. Happy feeling. Life's blood pounding through me again after three months of antiseptic existence. Breath deep, boy, this is it! Chains broken, prison of self-imposed exile escaped for the night. Me bursting out of me with pure and utter pleasure.

The Barn was as always, except that after my absence the noise seemed a hundred times magnified. A hundred people and a six-piece combo jammed into a 50 by 50, ceiling sagging, brick crumbling room. And still room in the middle for a bit of hep, free-form, soul-finding movement.

I listened to the deep resonant rhythm of Hokey's bass, the casual, but so professional, tremors from Skylark's cymbals and the searching keys of the pianoman. And I lapped up the moon-raking solo that followed from the trumpet like a dying man laps up water in an oasis.

I was home again.

"Johnny!" It was Randy, dirty, bearded hopeless Randy, the poet. "Johnny!" He shoved his way through the swaying crowd toward me. "Johnny, how're you going, you hideaway cat? Where you been, man? Why haven't you come before? Didn't you know we've been missing you? You coming back to stay? Johnny? Eh, Johnny?"

I counted them, seven questions in a row. Randy hadn't changed. I playfully punched him in the stomach and laughed. "Good to see you, Randy. What are you drinking?"

"Whisky tonight, Johnny. Whisky. The real stuff."

"Where's the money come from?"

"Where does it ever come from? It just happens. Day you left I got a gift from heaven. Cat that owed me ten came good. Sold a piece to the Yanks."

We shoved through to a table. "Where's Mac?"

"Celebrating."

"What?"

"Who knows? Someone sold a painting, I guess."

"How long this time?"

"Ah... only about four days. He's doing okay. Made 40 week before last with his instant jobs."

"How's the big one coming on?"

Randy poured me a drink. "Ah, you know, Johnny. It's a hard one. Big theme."

"How many pages since I left?"

"Completed?"

"Completed pages."

"Ah, about five. Four to be exact."

I laughed out loud. "Good going, Randy. Better than I thought."

Randy raised his glass.

"To the world!"

"To the world!"

"Eh, man, what have you done with your beard?"

"I'm working in an advertising agency. Have to look respectable, you know."

"Agency? Writing gooby ads for newspapers?" He had a pained look on his face.

"The same. Good money. Seventy notes a week."

"Yeah? What about your novel?" Randy didn't approve.

"Not doing any at the moment. But I will in an-

other few weeks, when I come back here." Randy's face lit up. "You and Mac got room for another bunk?"

He hauled out his bottle and poured another drink. "We sure have, Johnny. And we'll drink to that!"

We drank to lots of things in the next five hours.

The next morning I rolled up at the office around 10.30.

Jack looked at me. "You're dead."

"Had a party," I muttered and slumped into my chair, head resting on hands.

"Some party. What were you drinking? Nitroglycerine?"

"Something like that."

I didn't feel like talking but I knew I was going to have to tell him the whole story or he would keep pestering me. So I told him where I'd been and threw in a few fictitious and gory sidelights to brighten his day.

Jack listened, his face wreathed in a smile. When I'd finished he burst out laughing. "Johnny, there's no doubt about you, son. You're a pretty wild kid."

"Yeah," I said and slumped further down in my chair. I tried to do some work but I wasn't feeling very creative so I went down the street

"YOUTH DISCOVERY" BY BRILLIANT RUSSIAN SCIENTIST

New sources for the renewal of bodily energy have been discovered by a brilliant Russian scientist

In a medical breakthrough of major importance Professor Filatov has isolated a substance which restores and stimulates body tissues. Known as "Biogenic Stimulators", it brings renewed health and vitality to thousands of people.

A top German scientist, now resident in Australia, carried on experiments in the light of Professor Filatov's discovery, and found trace elements added to "Biogenic Stimulators" improved results.

TRACE ELEMENTS AND TONICS

Listed below are a few of the major trace elements and tonics, which give renewed strength and vitality

Vitamin E
Vitamin B1
Vitamin B2
Vitamin B12
Copper
Cobalt
Calcium
Iodine
Iron
Phosphorus
Bioflavonoids
BIOGENIC STIMULATOR

TESTIMONIAL BY TOP SPORTING CELEBRITY LES HAIGH

Being a man past my prime, I found myself suffering from various complaints and treatment by noted doctors seemed to have little effect. On being recommended to take Revita-Tabs I found after a few days renewed strength and vitality.

Youthful health and vigour can now replace that tired listless existence. Marketed in Australia as Revita-Tabs they will renew your strength and vitality within three days.

ETHIC LABORATORIES
3 ST. PETERS ST., DARLINGHURST, SYDNEY

MI

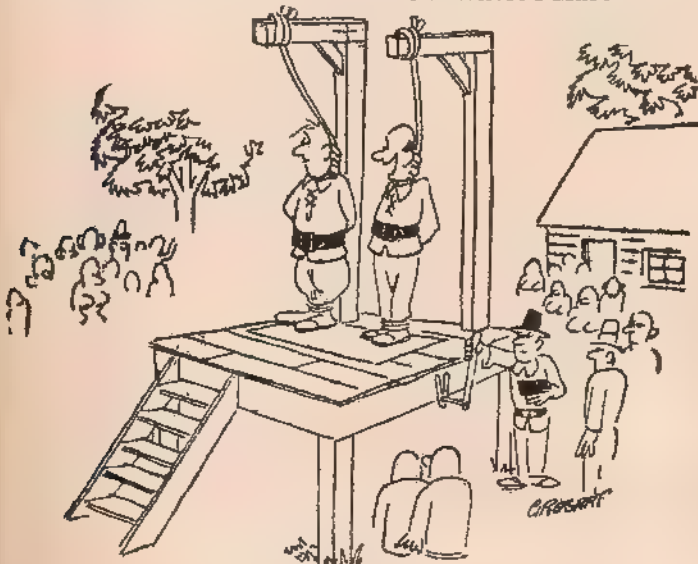
Please rush me full 30-day course of Revita-Tabs under plain wrapper I enclose cheque/money order/postal note for \$6.00 in full payment
RECOMMENDED AND SOLD BY HALICAS PHARMACY, 284 VICTORIA RD., KINGS CROSS

NAME .

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE



"No, no, not her, the one on the left, the one with the low-cut dress, really something, eh?"

for some coffee. When I came back in, Jack winked at me and shook his head as if to say, "Boy, aren't you a beaut!" I realised with some small pleasure that he'd no sooner dream of going downtown than jumping off a cliff. I winked back!

Three weeks later I had the \$400. I felt as if a great weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I went in to see the bossman.

"Ah, sit down, sit down." He was one of those athletic types who have gone slightly to fat.

I cleared my throat. "I've . . . er . . . I've come to hand in my resignation. I thought it better to see you personally rather than send it in writing."

He stared at me, his eyes narrowing slightly. "Resignation? You want to leave us?" He paused for a moment. "This is quite a shock. We've been extremely pleased with your work."

"I've enjoyed it."

"We enjoy working with you. You're conscientious. Frankly, when you first came I doubted you would survive the trial period. I only put you on because it is the firm's policy never to let possible talent slip through their fingers. You've worked creatively. Creatively, intelligently and diligently."

"Thank you."

"Is there no way in which I can entice you to stay?"

"No."

The bossman smiled. "Well, you can't blame me for trying to keep you. Would you mind stepping out for a moment? I'll call you back in five minutes."

Wonderingly, I left the office and stood by the closed door. From there I heard him pick up his phone. I couldn't make out what he said, but a low, intense stream of words came from his mouth. A moment later he called me in.

"John, I've just been on

the phone to the managing director. He wants you to stay, too. I'll be quite straight forward. How much money do you want . . . with-in reason?"

"It's not the money, really. That's got nothing to do with it."

"Every man's got a price. What's yours? Eighty? Eighty dollars a week?"

I shook my head. "I don't think you understand . . ."

"I understand all right. I understand we're losing a man we want to keep on our staff. A hundred!"

The figure hit my brain like a shot from a 5-inch naval gun. Hundred a week. Another few months and I'd have enough to live the way I wanted to live for two or more years. The novel could wait that long, surely. Six months of hard saving and I'd have a return boat fare to Europe and a pocket full of spending money as well.

"Commencing from this moment." The bossman slapped his hand on the desk to emphasise the magnitude of the offer.

I pinched my nose between thumb and forefinger and half closed my eyes. I tried to think but the figure clouded by brain. One thing did come through. On a salary like that I could save. And saving would allow me to do the things I wanted.

"Well, John? It's a big salary for a young man. Not many others with your limited experience would be given offers like this."

"I'll take it!"

"Good lad." He extended his hand and laughed. "Good to have you back again."

I shook the offered hand and smiled. "Well," I said. "I'll be getting back to it."

I was half out the door when he spoke again, "Oh, and John . . ." His face was wreathed in smiles. "I didn't want to tell you until I was sure you were staying with



"I can't sleep! I think I'll go down and wake the roosters!"

us. You've been chosen to undergo training as an account executive. I'll be grooming you myself. You can shift into the next office, right beside me, next Monday. Clean up your desk during these next few days."

I softly closed the bossman's door and stood by it in an unbelieving, yet somehow quite contented, way. It had happened so fast . . . Was it a good thing? I didn't know. I shrugged and promised myself that I wouldn't stay more than a year at the most.

The novel could wait that long.

So there it is, man. The year was up a couple of months ago but I'm still at the agency. I've been an account executive for nearly nine months and I'm due for another raise soon.

The novel? It's going to be done, but real soon. I'm not hanging around here much longer . . . I can't.

I saw something the other day which it had taken me 14 months to notice.

My office has got frosted glass walls.

#

THE BEARDED ONES

(Continued from page 41)

pleasure playing the guitar, singing folk songs, writing poetry, making hand-crafted guitars. But he has also shovelled snow in Sweden, built haystacks in England and played championship chess.

While *Beatrice* moved around the harbor — with two of de Zwaan's male friends looking after the sails — a beautiful blonde in a blue bikini came up from the galley with thick sandwiches of crusty French bread, cheese and salami. The boat was well stocked with wines, imported cheeses and gourmet food — the type of food enjoyed by Jack Kerouac's Zen characters.

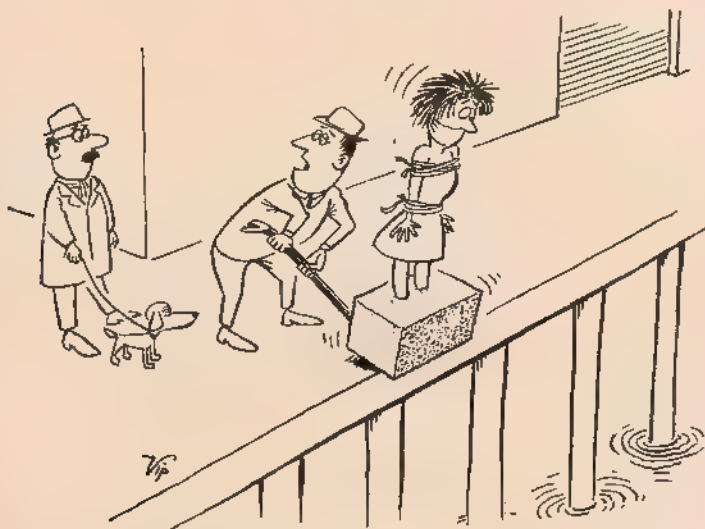
Australia, he reckons, is not a good place for food. "Only the foreigners know what is good to eat," he said. "Some Italian friends of mine catch small squid on the rocks around Sydney. Squid is delicious. In Italy and Spain they eat it raw. But in Australia they can't understand how we can eat both fish and meat raw."

de Zwaan's flat in one of Sydney's "bohemian" suburbs also fits the imagined pattern. It is crowded with paintings and photographs from exotic countries, Polynesian drums and guitars, tapes of African chants and Cuban folk songs, books on linguistics and collections of science fiction stories. In a small workshop, he makes Spanish guitars.

Born of Dutch parents in Indonesia in 1933, de Zwaan went to school in Holland before World War II — and decided to see the world as soon as he was old enough. His aim was to find places where he could live on his own terms without interference from society and be the complete individual. There are not many, least of all Holland, where he never felt fully at home.

"The countries of Europe have an atmosphere you either like or do not. I don't. Holland has three things I count in its favor — the gin, the fresh raw herrings and the cheap Indonesian food, but the climate is terrible," he said.

"The attitude of the Dutch



"No, just a trial separation."

disturbed me. If I were to say that I was going to buy a boat and sail it to the South Seas, not only would they ridicule the idea but think it not in keeping with my standing as a rising member of the community. For another thing, they would think it was impossible because nobody they knew had ever done it. To them it would seem I was wasting my time in some uncivilised pursuit of no use to my career.

"But if I say to people here in Australia, 'I have a boat and I'm going to sail around the world,' they say 'Terrific, mate. I wish I could do it.' I'm pleased with the Australian attitude generally toward my largely unrealistic schemes and adventures."

Such acceptance of a man's personal desires is rare in Europe, which partly explains why de Zwaan is in Australia. He tried many countries first. He took a course in hotel management in Switzerland and lived in England, France, Spain and Sweden. Of them, only Sweden suited him best — although he had to shovel snow in Stockholm for a living. If Sweden had the climate of Australia, he would be there now.

"The country has a large degree of personal freedom — nobody cares what one does," he said. "You see ads in the newspapers, 'See our pornographic films. Become a member of a pornographic film society'. That's okay by me, because it's not forced upon you—but, if you want to join, you know where to go. If you think you are strong enough to take in pornographic pictures, then you should go to see them. It's your business, so long as you don't press them on anyone who doesn't want them. Then no one will interfere with you. I like this about Sweden."

de Zwaan does not rebel against society in the sense of the vociferous beatnik who goes out of his way to point out how different he is. He merely avoids contact with it as much as he can, but conforms when he cannot dodge this. He can do this because of his educational background.

After coming to Australia he got his degree from Sydney University and took a position there as a research assistant in the field of philology and linguistics. He speaks many languages, including Swedish, French, German and Spanish, and is working on a study of aboriginal dialects.

de Zwaan's casual, free and active way of life and dress brings criticism from those who think that an academic should conform, but this does not worry him. He has no quarrel with the critics, "but I don't think I am wrong because they are

right."

It was getting darker in the room. At the other end, people were laughing and talking. A girl with the face and body of a Botticelli Venus walked toward us and, without a word, sat beside de Zwaan, put her arms around his neck and closed her eyes.

So I asked what position sex occupied in a life crowded with action and ideas. "It is one of the enjoyable aspects of life to me," he replied. "As is food and drink and sleep and various other primary functions. If sex were abolished it would be a very uninteresting world. But I think that marriage as an official institution may not be as efficient as deemed to be. Imagine a society where trial marriage is accepted as the norm, where you can take out a licence (Continued on page 85)



Try this simple test for
ASTIGMATISM

To the normal eye, the width and depth of colour in the black bars of a four circles are uniform. When astigmatism exists there is variation in the width and depth of bars



FREE BOOK PROVES NO NEED TO WEAR GLASSES

My clientele includes men, women and children; men for the Navy, Army, Air Force, also men qualifying for all trades and professions, Civil Aviators, Civil Servants, Clerks, Motorists, Engineers, Policemen, Railwaymen, Engine Drivers—people whose careers depend upon their eyes.

If you suffer from
Short Sight Astigmatism
Long Sight Turned Eyes
Failing Sight Tired and Strained Eyes
Eye Headaches

or any other eye weakness, except diseased eyes, write (enclosing 5d. postage) or call TODAY for free 28-page booklet, "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses."

EYESIGHT TRAINING

Room 604C, Manchester Unity Building,
185 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

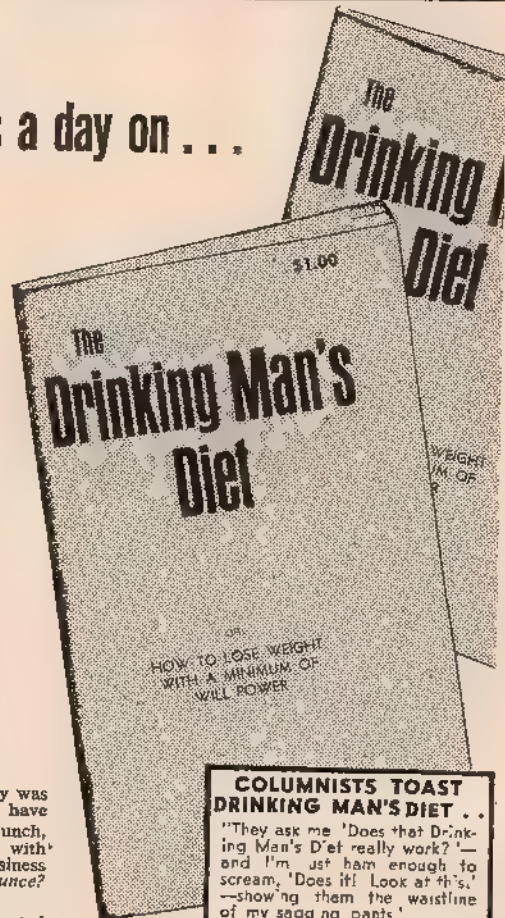
PHONE FOR AN APPOINTMENT WITHOUT OBLIGATION — 61-5455

PE.2.82

Here's the DIET that's sweeping the country!

Australia is losing
thousands of pounds a day on . . .

the most valuable
little book a dollar
will ever buy
that lets you
eat your fill of
delicious
foods and drink what
you wish while you lose
5-6 pounds the
first week . . . 15 to
20 pounds in a month!



COLUMNISTS TOAST DRINKING MAN'S DIET . .

"They ask me 'Does that Drinking Man's Diet really work?' — and I'm just ham enough to scream, 'Does it! Look at this,' —showing them the wasteline of my sagging pants!"

—Earl Wilson

"I think the so-called Drinking Man's Diet is one of the most fascinating civilized developments since the removal of whalebones from corsets!"

—Norton Mockridge

Do you ever hear of a diet that actually was fun to follow . . . that would let you have two martinis, a scotch or bourbon before lunch, and a thick steak generously spread with Sauce Bearnaise—then go about your business without having gained so much as an ounce? Well, this is it!

This is the fabulous diet that first attracted attention because it worked for aircraft pilots who must keep their weight down and certainly can't afford to get rundown and become nervous wrecks on starvation diets.

HOW THE DIET WORKS. The Drinking Man's Diet works on the principle that we control our intake of carbohydrates, not calories. This means we can have all of the appealing foods and drinks that have low—or no—carbohydrate content while we lose pounds fast. And because many of these are high-protein foods that remain in the stomach longer, our appetite stays satisfied and we never go hungry!

Thousands are on The Drinking Man's Diet at this very moment—losing weight like mad! Just remember that it's a diet for healthy

people . . . not for people with a serious illness, or for people who cannot control their drinking. It's the easiest, surest way to lose 5 to 6 pounds the first week—15 to 20 pounds in a month. This is the diet that you and your friends have been waiting for, in a 50-page pocket guide you can carry everywhere! \$1.00 ea., Get one for you—extras for good friends.

AVAILABLE AT NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS

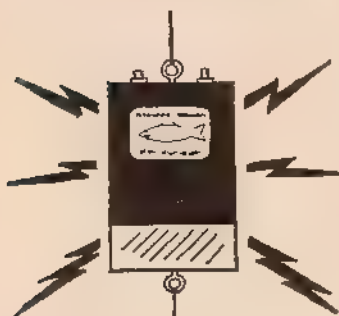


LONELY GIRLS-AND MANY OF THEM

SHOPGIRLS, MODELS, TEACHERS, SECRETARIES, ETC. all seeking love and marriage are listed in the latest issue of WESTERN HEART magazine. Contains photos, names and addresses, measurements, personals, etc. BEGIN NOW — AND BANISH LONELINESS. For your plainly sealed copy RUSHED by return mail send \$1 (10/-) and 7c (8d) stamp to

FELICITAS INTERNATIONAL
P.O. Box 34S, Double Bay, N.S.W.

FISH LURE



Only \$6.95 & GUARANTEED
Fishermen! Are you getting bored by small catches on your fishing trips? Now you can increase your catch with this inexpensive fish lure. This underwater unit sends out signals by sound and light, and brings them swimming right to your hook.

AQUA ELECTRONICS

Beat your mates to it. Send Now to:
P.O. Box 36, East Brisbane, Qld.

CHILDRENS CLOTHES

From baby to school age, buy your kiddies clothes at the right price, direct from manufacturer to you

Send stamped self addressed envelope for full particulars
DOROTHY GRAY SEWING AGENCY
P.O. Box 34, Mt. Gravatt, Queensland.

BEAUTY in PHOTOGRAPHS & COLOR SLIDES



LARGE COLLECTION
JUST WRITE AND TELL US THE KIND YOU WANT

Please send International Reply Coupons for Air Mail and lists

— Postal Service Only —

M. STAR PRESS
"VENICE", 61 LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL, 2, ENGLAND

GROW NEW HAIR QUICKLY

HEALTHY FERTILE SCALP CAN BE YOURS IN JUST 30 DAYS OR MONEY BACK!



In just 30 days you will be proud of your abundant new hair and scalp health with amazing new advanced scientific V-X Home Hair System.

HAIR ROOTS CAN BE ALIVE EVEN ON BALD PEOPLE

Starting a new V-X Bio Chemical Treatment restores activity to dormant hair papillae immediately. The V-X System is so simple to use, takes so very little of your time, improves hair appearance on very first application, is so effective that it is backed by a generous trial in your home and a Money Back Guarantee! Send for revealing FREE Book, "New Hope for Bald People", TODAY and learn the astounding truth. Enclose 4c (5d) stamp if I do the test! But please do hurry. Send your letter to V-X CORP.

FREE BOOK

DEPT HJ38, BOX 1836, G.P.O., SYDNEY
Overseas enquiries welcome

STOP RUPTURE Worries!

New appliance definitely holds rupture. Enables you to do any type of work or sport in comfort. No hard pads. No springs. Adjustable and inexpensive.



Call or send for 14 days' Free Trial Offer. No obligation, Open Saturdays.
Roussel Appliance Co (Dept. 36)
567 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
or 443 Little Collins Street, Melbourne

BE LUCKY!

WIN LOTTERIES! BACK WINNERS! WIN PRIZES!

was only in your Club two weeks when I won £100 in the lottery on the Thursday. Then on the Friday I won £6,000. I know that I will win more. M's H.C. North Sydney.
Get all the lucky breaks. Wonderful powers control our destiny! Write to me now!

The Lucky Guy, Dept M50,
SHARE-THE-LUCK-CLUB
Box 279, HAYMARKET P.O. SYDNEY

Send 4c (5d) stamp for free details and my personal letter telling you of the amazing change of luck that came to me and why

SEND NO MONEY!



LONELY HEARTS MAGAZINE

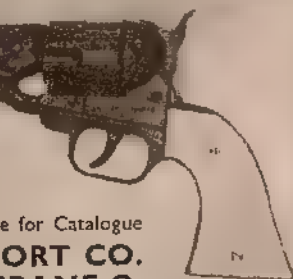
— easiest and least expensive way to meet a nice partner. Newest edition (40 pages) contains hundreds of photos, names and addresses of lonely girls, ladies and gentlemen (all ages, town and country) seeking friendship, marriage. Send 2/6 in stamps for latest edition (which we mail to you confidentially in plain, sealed envelope) to—

MODERN WORLD

BOX 4226, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.
(Mention your age)

COLLECTORS GUNS

Send Stamped Self addressed Envelope for Catalogue
ARIZONA ARMS EXPORT CO.
P.O. BOX 36 EAST BRISBANE Q.



BOOKS

A TITLE FOR EVERY TASTE
LOLITA \$2.95
LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER \$2.68
BAWDY TALES FROM BURNS \$3.95
FORTUNES in FORMULAS
Nearly 1,000 Pages 10,000 Trade Secrets, Recipes and Processes for the Home, Farm and Workshop. One idea alone is worth double price of book. POST FREE \$3.95
HYPNOTISM and the POWER WITHIN by Dr. Van Pelt, 22 illus., etc., describes various methods of hypnotism and its application to the treatment of illness, \$2.95
Books for Men available. Send 4c. stamp for lists to Dept. 9
OVERSEAS BOOK SUPPLIES
GPO BOX 1369, Sydney NSW

PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE



No need to be lonely. Join my personal Friendship Club. Make friends. Find happiness, romance. Men and women everywhere wanting genuine companionship. All ages and walks of life. Workers and well-to-do. Write today for details. posted in plain wrapper. Confidential. No obligation.

DOROTHY POPE PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP CLUB (regd.), Dept. 75, Box 182, Haymarket, P.O., Sydney

Be a HE-MAN again!

Put back the snap and sparkle that's missing from your life.

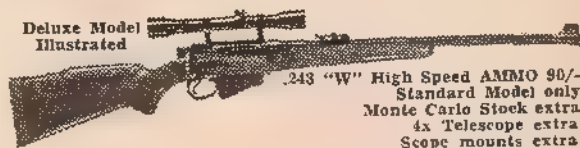
Premature weariness and lassitude can result from vitamin and mineral deficiencies. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH LACK OF ENERGY! Don't let it take the joy and fun out of your life. Get a youthful vigour and vitality back in such a short time with VITALIFE. You'll be a MAN again — you'll feel mentally and physically rejuvenated — take VITALIFE, for health and happiness. VITALIFE corrects vitamin and mineral deficiency. It has been scientifically tested and found to be safe and effective.

SENT Free SEND NAME AND ADDRESS WITH 4c or 5d STAMP FOR FULL DETAILS OF HOW VITALIFE WILL HELP YOU

RICE RESEARCH LABORATORIES PTY. LTD., Dept. 231, Box 7, George St. Nth. P.O. Sydney, N.S.W. NEW ZEALAND: Rice Research Laboratories Dept. 221 Private Bag Panmure R221 BX

"RIFLE OF THE YEAR" — "FANTASTIC VALUE" BRAND NEW SAKO SE .243 CAL. REPEATER RIFLE

Deluxe Model Illustrated



Deluxe Model complete with 4x Telescope and mounts only £40/13/6

CHECK THESE FEATURES

- Brand new Sako factory finished
- Action drilled and tapped for easy scope fitting
- Fully proofed tested (60,000 lbs/sq in.) and stamped
- Priced to suit the average shooter.
- Other rifles and ammunition

Write for free list

INTERNATIONAL FIREARMS COMPANY
G.P.O. Box 731K, Brisbane, Qld

"MAN" MARKET PLACE



How to BE TALLER



Girls go for tall men. New scientific Hollywood Height Increase method! Gets amazing results! NOW you can add 2 to 4 inches to your height in three to six weeks. No drugs or apparatus. New, sure, safe scientific method... sure to make you taller, improve your carriage and personality.

HERE'S PROOF:
My height has increased 2 in 17 days. Now I'm an inch taller than my girl friend instead of being an inch shorter. She is thrilled. In two weeks I gained 1½ inches. My friends have noticed I already. I'm much happier, fitter and more confident. The course is up-to-date and scientific.

Send stamp at once for free literature, which tells you all about this amazing new method.

TALLER, Dept M7,
VOCAPOWER CO.,
Box 133, P.O. Haymarket, Sydney

AUSTRALIA WIDE INTRODUCTIONS

Our Australia wide service offers a discreet and confidential service for those wishing to meet the opposite sex for companionship and matrimony — from all walks of life — special department for professional ladies and gentlemen. Our service offers you the satisfaction you have been looking for. A large membership can assure you of this. Don't sit and brood any longer, live and be happy through our service. Country clients welcome.

Write or Phone:

MARY LANE INTRODUCTIONS
Suite 1, 564 St Kilda Road,
MELBOURNE 51-6569.

REJUVENATING TABLETS

First time in Australia

POTENT, POWERFUL
VITAL

Be a real man again. The results will astound you.

Send this Coupon Today

VITAMIN RESEARCH

(Reg.)

Box 7010, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Name _____

Address _____



FREE MUSCLE BUILDING

Information
Sensational New Methods
Less Time — Less Effort —
Better Results

BODY-POWER

Box 5052, G.P.O., Sydney

THROWING DAGGER

Split 1" board at 30 ft with this Mayan Fighting Knife. Easy to throw accurately with our clear instructions.

Beautiful tempered steel 10" knife with tough rawhide bound handle. Only \$1 each. Set of 3 in pouch for \$3.

POST THIS COUPON NOW!
SPORTSGOODS DISTRIBUTORS
136 PIRIE STREET, ADELAIDE, S.A.

Please send by return mail:

1 Throwing Dagger \$1 enc.
3 Daggers in Pouch, \$3 enc.
Cross out whichever not required

Name _____
Address _____

Sportsmen Driving Glasses



COMPLETE WITH CARRYING
CASE \$5 POST PAID

To: Lyle Trading, 34a Alfred St, Milsons Pt, NSW

Please send me per NAME
Enclosed \$ M, O, P, N, Cheque ADDRESS
for the sum of \$.
(Please do not send cash)



10-YEAR WRITTEN GUARANTEE

Unbeatable Value . . . Anywhere!

The Famous Swiss-made, rolled gold "FALCON" gent's wrist watch! Check these features and compare —

* 17 jewel lever movement * Water-resistant rolled gold case, stainless steel screw back * Dustproof * Unbreakable mainspring * Shockproof and anti-magnetic * Incabloc * Luminous hands and central sweep hand * Pearl silver face * Elegant gold tone metal band * Gift boxed * 10-year written guarantee

Special Offer to Man Readers only \$19.50 (in chrome \$17.50)

JOHN BESTON, Australia's leading mail-order watch specialist - P.O. Box 34, DOUGLE BAY, N.S.W. A orders promptly mailed — please add 25c postage FOR C.O.D. send \$2 with order

AND REMEMBER: YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

Be A Real Man Again



FULL OF VIM, VIGOUR, VITALITY

Amazing new V X Rejuvenating Tablets will re-charge your batteries. You'll feel new confidence, new zest and energy. Sweep away that dull, tired, listless, feeling NOW with V X. Mr G. Renton, Brisbane, writes "I am very pleased with your V-X Tablets. They have made a wonderful difference to my way of life. They do all you said they would."

30 DAYS' HOME TRIAL
Write today for full details of GUARANTEED V X PLAN. Swap your drained, irritable feeling for new surging vitality. You must PEEL results or it costs you nothing! Send 5d. stamp today for full FREE information. Everything will be sent to you confidentially in plain, sealed wrapper. But please do hurry!
V X CORPORATION
Dept. FJ12, Box 1836, G.P.O. Sydney.
(Overseas Enquiries Welcome)

HOW TO KEEP

YOUR MARRIAGE NEW Discovery for Men Who Want More ENDURANCE

Amazing VIGORTONE helps you get more pleasure from life. Feel better after the first dose! Vigor and Vitality restored to weak men. Don't feel old before your time —

FREE SAMPLE

Free sample and confidential details sent in plain, sealed envelope. You be the judge. Wake up and really LIVE man. Send NOW

Hampton Pope, Dept VM65, 302 Illawarra Rd., Marrickville, Sydney.
(If convenient, buy VIGORTONE in plain SEALED pack from WYNARD PHARMACY, Wynyard Ramp)

SAVE YOUR HAIR!



Approaching baldness rears its ugly head when the scalp discontinues to replace the old, fallen hair. Take action immediately — tomorrow may be too late. A new scientific discovery, the KERATONE Hair Course, can stop falling hair, remove unhealthy symptoms, and give yourself new, thick, lustrous hair. Write for free information (sent under plain cover) to

HAIR CULTURE CENTRE
Box 5052-Z, GPO Sydney
NSW

LONELY PEOPLE

FILL YOUR HEART WITH HAPPINESS



All ages, Nationalities and Religions. Give ME the opportunity to help YOU find the partner of your desire and give you the happiness you deserve.

There is a partner for YOU. DON'T WAIT! Write today. ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL, NO OBLIGATION. I reply in plain, sealed envelope. Please enclose stamp. WRITE TO:

Renate Correspondence and Introduction Service
BOX 369, P.O., TAMWORTH, N.S.W.

"MAN" MARKET PLACE



HOW TO TURN FINGERS, HANDS, FEET INTO DEADLY WEAPONS. BETTER — FASTER THAN JUDO

Now you can LEARN **KARATE** AT HOME

MOST DEADLY FORM OF UNARMED COMBAT

Defence and attack methods illustrated fully with combat photos. Learn how to paralyse an attacker — how to overcome an enemy coming at you out of the dark. **FEAR NO MAN** — Learn just where the secret striking points and nerve centres are. FREE information in plain wrapper from—



KARATE, Dept. M.18, Vocapower Company, Box 133, P.O., Haymarket, Sydney.

Get Rid Of Unwanted Hair

Permanently from shoulders or back. Hairline reshaping.

MR. KORNER

Potts Point, Sydney, 3rd Floor, Chevron Hotel. 35-2987

North Terrace House, Adelaide. 63-4259

Personal Appointment Necessary



For Lonely MEN Only

FREE PHOTO ALBUM. Containing many photos of beautiful, lonely girls and ladies is sent FREE and without any obligation in plain, sealed envelope. We have Australian and Continental ladies and girls — members residing practically in every part of Australia, who wish to meet gentlemen friends. Write to:

INTS INTRODUCTION SERVICE

Box 1057 J, G.P.O., Melbourne, C1, Victoria

Three 5d stamps must be enclosed

UNUSUAL COLOUR SLIDES

Quality Sample and lists FREE

VYDASCOPE

61 Norfolk House Road, London, SW. 16, England

MEN

WHO LOSE SLEEP

If irritation in the urinary tract makes you get up nights to go to the bathroom, you lose sleep and energy and may have aches at base of spine and leg pains. To curb these pains and sleep well get fast acting **ROGENA** from your chemist today.

MEN

GAIN NEW PEP

If you feel dead tired, nervy and out of pep — get back in step with the joyous crowd who still have zip, punch and vim by taking **VI-STIM**. At chemists. Let fast acting **VI-STIM** put you right and make you feel fit.

Reg 15

LEARN AT HOME FOR 5/- WEEKLY



It's "Quicker" — easier — under **MONEY - BACK** GUARANTEE with a Sampson Home Study course for:
★ Hill Billy Guitar
★ Piano Accordion
★ Steel Guitar
★ Saxophone
★ Clarinet
★ Ukulele
★ Mouth Organ
★ Button Accordion
★ Piano

5,000 have succeeded why not YOU? It takes 3 Lessons to play first piece — 10 Lessons a variety and 20 Lessons

any piece. It doesn't matter where you live

Instruments exclusive models available on small payments to any part of Australia — Freight paid

FREE Illustr. catalogue and descriptive booklet FREE. Write for yours. (Mention Instrument Favored)

SAMPSON'S, Dept. 3W, 481 Kent St., Box 4184, G.P.O., Sydney



Over thousands of years Chinese Mandarins, who could afford a harem of 50 or 100 young concubines, used a medicine of Lecithin and Ginseng root to keep young and active up to 80 or 90 years of age. Today again thousands of men are looking younger, feeling younger and acting half their age, thanks to **VITAMO LECITHIN COMPOUND**, nature's medicine of a 3,000 years old formula. Write for literature to **VITAMO Brand Products Co.** 'td Box 5052, G.P.O., Sydney (Australia)

MEN OF ALL AGES

If you want to RESTORE, INCREASE and PRESERVE your VIRILITY, STRENGTH and CAPACITY, then for FREE and CONFIDENTIAL information, write to:

J. FRENCH & CO.

Box 1891 R, G.P.O., Melbourne, City 1, Vic.

DUE TO AMAZING SUCCESS OF THIS LUCKY CHINESE CHARM IT IS NOW OFFERED ON:—

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Send £2 (\$4) Now For Your

"LUCKY CHINESE CHARM"

LUCKY SHOP, P.O. BOX 24, TOOWONG, BRISBANE
GOOD LUCK OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.



ALL LONELY LADIES

Any age. Contact us and we will send you in a plain sealed envelope and without any obligation —

COMPLETELY FREE FOLDER

Containing valuable information where you can select THOUSANDS of lonely gentlemen, any age and profession, who want to correspond with you for the purpose of friendship, romance or marriage. Write to:

SECRETARY

Box 1378M, G.P.O., Melb., C.1., Victoria

FOR MAN READERS BOOKS

Vast selection of Books: Art, Fiction, Photography, Fact.

COLOUR SLIDES

Extensive range All subjects

FILMS

Wide Choice Including Early Chaplin List 5c. Advise type wanted and mention "MAN"

JACK KERNOHAN

The Bookman

(Importer and Exporter of Books, Slides and Films) World wide mail order service.

Mt. Dandenong Rd., Montrose, Victoria, Australia.



SUCCESS IN FINANCIAL AND PERSONAL MATTERS THROUGH ASTROLOGICAL SELECTION.

Join our international association:

"YATUS VIDYA INTERNATIONAL" (Reg.), which will help you. Thousands of European and U.S.A. members have found happiness and a new life. Ask for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE today. (Three 4c (5d) stamps must be enclosed for postage)

"Yatus Vidya International"

(Reg.), G.P.O. Box 4743, Melbourne, C.1, Aust.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS LOTS OF EXTRA MONEY

How you can get it, part or full time, whether man or woman, between 18 and 58 in city or country. For Guaranteed Real Money Making information plus a Special FREE PREMIUM send stamp TODAY. No obligation, no strings attached. Dept KM88, Box 5070, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

STOP SMOKING

WITHOUT WILL POWER

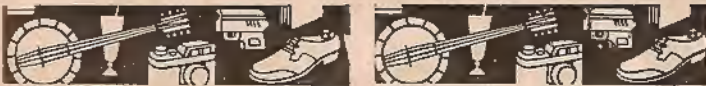
Don't let smoking wreck your lung tissues, ruin your nerves, upset your stomach, affect your heart. Break the dangerous and costly habit quickly, without Will Power. Sensational, new GUARANTEED Lung-saver Treatment banishes craving for tobacco like magic

FREE — IF YOU SEND NOW

Save your money — protect your health... guard your lungs. Send your name and address NOW and get full FREE details posted to you in plain wrapper. No obligation.

Enclose stamp for postage, and address to

LUNGSAVER CO, Dept. M35, BOX 4924, G.P.O., SYDNEY



BE LONELY NO MORE!

Do you want to meet a nice companion? I will gladly assist you. Men and women, all ages, walks of life, are finding happiness through my Friendship & Matrimonial Bureau—the reputable well-established Bureau. Here's your chance for friendship, happiness, home, marriage. 4c (5d.) brings confidential reply. Good fortune will replace your loneliness. (Mention age.)

Mail this coupon NOW!
MARY BULLEN BUREAU, Box 142
P.O., Haymarket, Sydney

Name
Address
State
PLEASE PRINT

LEARN BOXING FOR DEFENCE OR AS A PROFESSION

For Correspondence Course
Send \$2.20 or \$4.20
ROSELER & CO.,
Box P821, G.P.O.,
Melbourne, Vic.

BE IN THE MONEY LEARN WRESTLING BECOME A PRO MAT MAN

Wrestling Bulls Body and Mind
For Correspondence Course
Send \$2.20 or \$4.20
ROSELER & CO.,
Box P821, G.P.O.,
Melbourne, Vic.



MEN WHO LOSE HAIR

Why look old when you can have thick, healthy hair and look at least 10 years younger? Write for FREE and confidential advice to: Mdm. A. ARLENE (of Switzerland), Box 2888-W, G.P.O., Melb., Vic.

LEARN!

Professional Mind Readers'
Secrets. Fascinating,
Rewarding Hobby

Amaze everybody! Have fun! Be in the limelight! Complete, easy-to-follow Instructions ONLY \$1.50 (15/-) or send 4c (5d) stamp for postage of free details.

EARL, Dept. L2, Box 945G,
G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

ATTENTION LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

We introduce you by letter and in person to individually selected partners of the opposite sex.

Write Today to SOCIAL CONTACT CENTRE, P.O. Box 1654N, G.P.O., Melbourne or Phone 52-5660.

WANTED WOMEN WITH SEWING MACHINES

(Town and Country)
AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND
TO DO SEWING IN THEIR OWN HOMES

Guaranteed at least \$20 and up to \$100 per week.

This offer open to all who are genuinely interested — don't delay send for full particulars before some other go-ahead person in your district beats you to it.

DOROTHY GRAY SEWING AGENCY (Registered), P.O. Box 34, MT. GRAVATT, QLD.



LONELY OR SOCIALLY DETACHED?

PERSONAL INTRODUCTION AND CORRESPONDENCE SERVICE (Est. 1954). For refined, Sincere Ladies and Gentlemen only. Aged 20 to 68 years and resident in Cities and country throughout AUSTRALIA. All Occupations, Trades, Business, Technicians, etc., Farmers, Graziers, etc., etc. Discreet and Confidential Service for those wishing to meet really SINCERE and APPROPRIATE persons of the opposite sex for Companionship and Matrimony. Thousands of Members. ALSO A SPECIAL AND DETACHED SECTION for Professional and Semi-Professional Ladies and Gentlemen who may be experiencing difficulty in meeting really Compatible persons of the opposite sex who are of similar or appropriate Accomplishments or Status etc. Aged from 35 to 66 years. Conducted by Professional man. Ring or write for details or interview. Phone — LE 2868, JAMES W. MITCHELL, 408-408 Dandenong Rd., North Caulfield, Victoria, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., Mondays to Saturdays.

(Continued from page 81)

for a year or two years — a temporarily limited span.

"Then, I think, marriage would be more realistic than it is now, when it is what you could call the lucky dip system. You meet a person and say, 'All right, I'm going to predict that not only do we like to live together now but we will also in ten years' time'. Who can tell? You can't, she can't, nobody can. You are taking a lucky dip, with the penalty of social disapproval if, in fact, your guess is wrong. I see in many marriages which are so-called successes a habit and a fear of social censure rather than a wish to live together and share."

The conventional suburbanites — you and me mainly, bub — attract Jan de Zwaan not at all, although he does not criticise them. He just does not agree with a man sacrificing many parts of his life to push one part to become a success and thereby buy a bigger car and a better home. Competition — the old keeping up with the Joneses — is not for him. "I'm not knocking the ones who, say, give up an ability for music to become an accountant, but they do knock me," he said.

de Zwaan is satisfied with his own answers to the problems of living. He wants it to continue to be pleasure-centred and sensual. To him,

it is the only way and some poetry he wrote in Dutch — he also writes in French or Spanish — sets this down, *To wildly celebrate life As a dark, fiery feast . . . Fear and anger and pain And blinding elation. To divide life blood Between earth, sun and moon,*

All hours of the day To follow the private path.

de Zwaan is the archetypal offbeat — poet, musician, individualist, drinker, eater, sensualist. He learned to play the trombone and played with a Dixieland group; he is a folk singer who has organised a quartet called the Sunshine Singers. He is interested in the musical rhythms of primitive Africans and West Indians.

It's not a bad life — for those who can take it — and, if things don't work out as he wants them to, there is always the *Beatnik* to take him somewhere else.

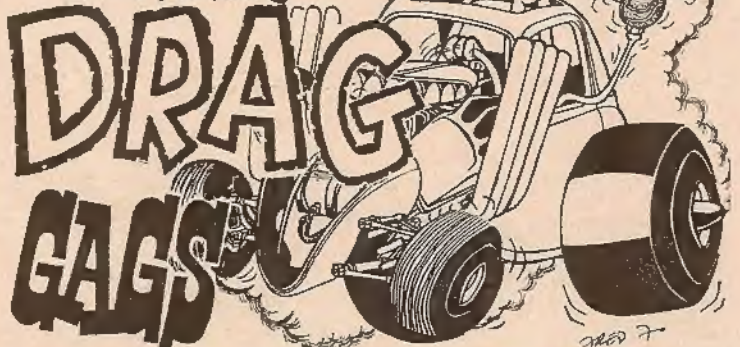
"I feel no need to be reassured that when I go, when I die, I shall still remain. If I do or not means little to me because I feel that life right now is its own justification. Being alive means my business now is being alive. When dead, my business will be being dead," de Zwaan said, and that sums up his philosophy.

He reckons he is living life as well as it can be lived.

It would be impossible to change his point of view. #

The twin-pipe poppa of all zany mags...

fred fowler's



"You mean you haven't heard about DRAG GAGS? Where have you been this year . . . ? You've heard of Romsey Quints? Right. And Fred Fowler? Right. So these two cats have got together and produced the wildest, weirdest gag mag you'll ever see. There's Tim Tom Who Wanted To Be Ten Feet Tall, Irving Wheelie And The Genie, The Misadventures Of H. Hoonboy Phwee, and dozens of cartoons. Fowler draws it, Quints writes it, and man, if this isn't the haulin' mother bear and twin-pipe poppa of all zany gag mags then I'll hand in my I LIKE QUINTS badge. Who produced it? AUSTRALIAN HOT RODDING REVIEW. Who else?"

Available at Newsagents and Bookstalls
in Australia and New Zealand—35c (3/6)

OF MANY THINGS

IT AIN'T PSYCHOLOGICALLY SO

It's long been said that the smart young man in the sports car can always lure a girl to sit beside him, hair flying in the wind. But in a survey around Sydney the other week-end we were surprised to note how many sportsters had two men (or two girls) as transportees. And now another illusion has been shattered. Cars have been linked with sex — part of an advertising gimmick? — and young men led to believe that if they drive a girl friend at high speeds she is far more vulnerable to seduction afterwards. Not so. A team of investigators of teenage morals in England has proved that would-be speedster-seducers are wasting their time. Girls are no more easily persuaded to make love after a burn up in a car than they would be normally.

* * *

IF YOU SURVIVE THE TREATMENT, YOU'RE IN

We haven't a Jet Set in Australia, but young girls on the fringe of something like it — they go to discotheques, water-ski, own large dogs and wear skirts away above the knee — are laying down what could be called Australian Standards for a Male who Wants to Succeed. In other words, a boyfriend rating. Bit snobbish, maybe, but illuminating. Anyhow, here is the current Sydney position: Cranbrook school is in this year: bonus, 50 points. If his father went to Shore in Errol Flynn's time, bonus 500. But deduct 500 if he's got a young brother booked into Timbertop during the past three months. The status car is an old SS Jaguar. In the career line, subtract for dentistry but add for psychiatry. In hobbies, the biggest bonus goes to rare book collecting. A like of cricket loses 10 points — and interest in cooking only gets a bonus if it pre-dates Graham Kerr's TV show!

FRIGHTEN THE BUYER — AND THEN SELL!

Offbeat advertisements for selling things are in these days — and here is one example from a Victorian newspaper:

"Glen Iris — WB \$12,000. It is impossible to arrange furniture in our kitchen or to swing a cat in more than two of the four bedrooms. We invite anybody with a 'fridge, small kitten and \$3000 deposit to try. To the successful applicant we will throw in automatic washer, carpets, curtains, 19 ft carpeted veranda, charming neighbors and a barrel of beer."

* * *

PERCE DID NOT TURN OUT TO BE A PET LAMB

Visitor to the country was asked by his host if he'd care to come with him to the hayshed before going on a tour of the property. The host was carrying a bottle of milk and a saucer and the city fellow thought he'd been invited to watch a motherless lamb or calf being fed. They got into the hayshed, the farmer gave a whistle — and something flopped from the rafters right at the city man's feet. It was a 10 ft carpet snake!

* * *

HOW TO CATCH FISH WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Couple of fellows sailing in the VJ championships on Lake Macquarie were zooming along when a floating cork nearly came aboard. One grabbed it and pulled. Seemed a bit heavy — and it was. On the end of the nylon line was a 3 lb flathead. Managed to come third in the race too — even with a 3 lb handicap!

—Marshall Kirby.

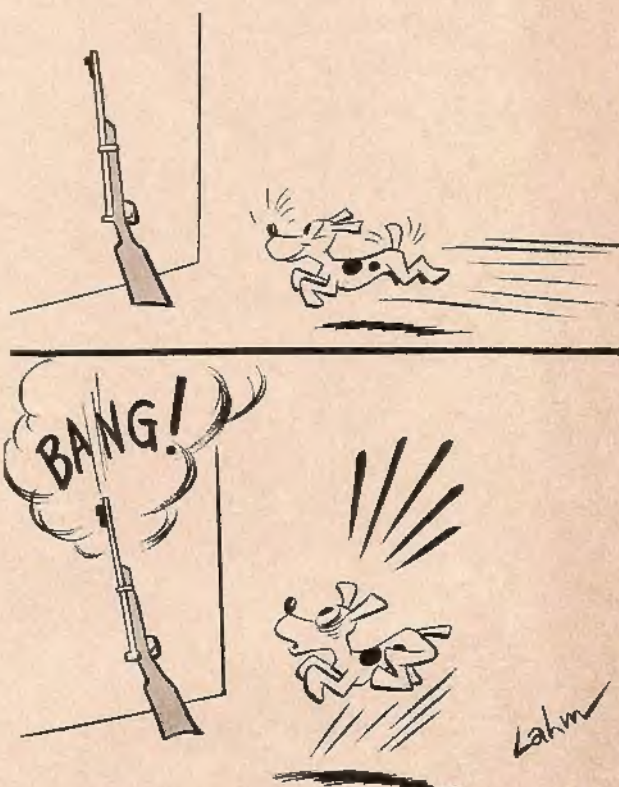
WOOOOSH...!

WORLD'S FASTEST SPORTS CARS

No. 5 is brought to you by the same successful team that has put SPORTS CAR WORLD and WHEELS magazines out front in their respective fields. This issue is compiled specially for the enthusiast with a view to the future and contains everything the sporting motorist needs to know in 1966.



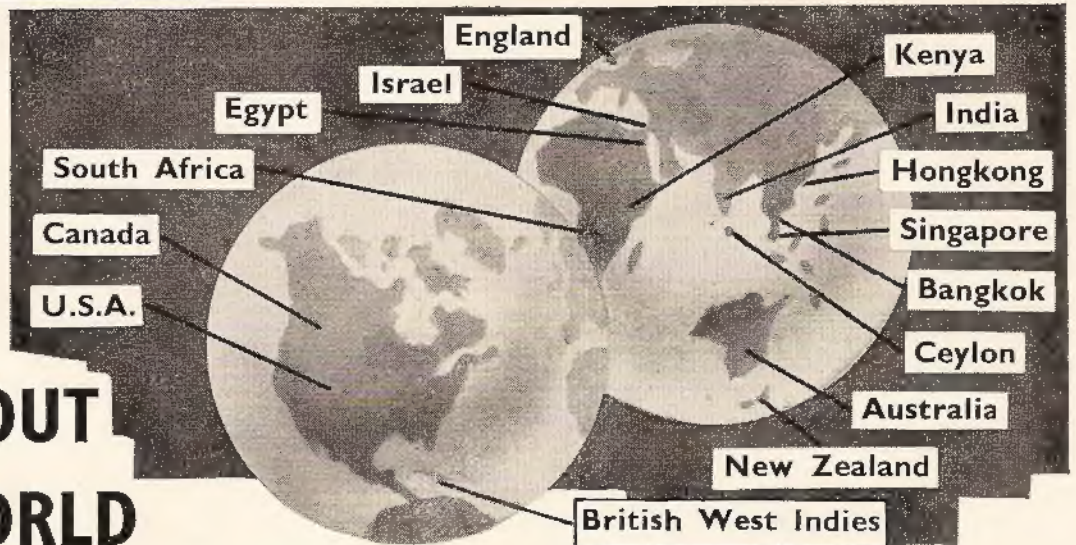
A MUST FOR YOUR COLLECTION AT JUST 30c (3/-) THROUGH YOUR LOCAL NEWS-AGENT IN AUSTRALIA OR NEW ZEALAND.



Let The World University Of Postal Education **TRAIN YOU FOR A KEY JOB**



BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



AUSTRALIA is desperate for men and women to fill key industrial and commercial positions. We have entered a new exciting age where opportunities abound and well-paid jobs are waiting. If you will spare one hour a day for interesting study we will help you to train and qualify at home for one of these top-salary posts.

Fitter and turner to Professional Engineer! Office boy to Chartered Accountant! The Institutes have already trained some 300,000 men and women who have reached the top of the ladder. Therefore it is up to **YOU** to make something of yourself. Don't delay, act **NOW**. Remember that an enquiry places you under no obligation but could be the turning point in **YOUR** career.

OVER 300 COURSES

Leading authorities consider British Institutes' courses the finest of their kind. The lessons are easy to grasp and absolutely up-to-date. Subjects range from elementary mathematics to automation. Examination training from Mathematics to Honours Degree Standard. Courses include:—

TECHNICAL

Aero Engines
Aeronautical Eng.
Air Conditioning
Architecture
Arch. Drwg. & Design
Automation
Auto Elec. Equipment
Automobile Engineering
Automobile Repairs
Building (General)
Carpentry and Joinery
Chemical Engineering
Civil Engineering
Die and Press Tools
Diesel Engines
Draftsmanship

Electrical Engineering
Electrical Installations
Electrical Measurements
Electrical Power
Electricity Supply
Electronics
Foundry Practice
Garage Management
Gas Turbines
Geology
Hydraulics
Illuminating Eng.
Industrial Chemistry
Jig and Tool Design
Machine Drwg. & Design
Maintenance Eng.
Management
Marine Engineering

Mechanical Engineering
Metallurgy
Mining Practice
Municipal Engineering
Naval Architecture
Painting & Decorating
Patternmaking
Petroleum Technology
Plastics Technology
Production Engineering
Public Health Eng.
Radar Technology
Radio Engineering
Radio Servicing
Refrigeration
Reinforced Concrete
Road Engineering
Rubber Technology

Sanitation
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Telecommunications
Television
Television Servicing
Timber Technology
Tracing
Welding Technology

COMMERCIAL

Accountancy
Advertising
Auditing
Book-keeping
Commercial Art
Commercial Law
Company Law

Costing
Economics
Fiction Writing
Income Tax
Journalism
Management
Sales Management
Salesmanship
Secretaryship

GENERAL

English
Foreign Languages
Mathematics
Shorthand (Pitman or Gregg)
Statistics
Typewriting

ONE OF THESE QUALIFICATIONS CAN ALTER YOUR ENTIRE FUTURE

A.M.I.E.Aust. A.M.I.Chem.E. A.M.I.Prod.E. A.M.I.E.D. A.C.A.
A.M.I.C.E. A.M.I.Struct.E. A.M.S.E. M.O.T. A.A.S.A.
A.M.I.Mech.E. Grad.I.E.R.E. Grad.I.R.E.E.(Aust.) A.C.I.S.

Local Govt. Engineering Exams., Aircraft Engineers' Licences, Matriculation, etc.

COURSES CAN BE "TAILORED" TO INDIVIDUAL REQUIREMENTS

We definitely

GUARANTEE

"NO PASS —

NO FEE"

- Modern streamlined methods . . . you learn the fast way and make astonishing progress.
- Courses based on **STANDARD TEXT-BOOKS** . . . brilliant time-saving lessons & Model Answers.
- Begin at any stage you like . . . from the 'ABC' of each subject if you wish.
- We provide all necessary text-books which remain your own property.
- Moderate fees payable by small monthly sums. Written guarantee.

SECURE ONE OF THESE BOOKS



POST COUPON NOW!

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF CAREERS
College House, 113 Pacific Highway, North Sydney

I am interested in _____
(State Subject, Exam. or Career)

Please send me the appropriate Career-Book, absolutely **FREE** and without obligation.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

ADDRESS _____

MM.f.6 _____

OCCUPATION _____ AGE _____



**BRITISH
INSTITUTE
OF
CAREERS**

In association with
**British Institute of
Engineering Technology**

THE B.I.C. GROUP LEADS THE WORLD IN POSTAL TRAINING



**"YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE
HE WAS ONLY 22!
— HE'S ALMOST
BALD!"**

**DON'T LET PREMATURE BALD-
NESS RUIN YOUR LOOKS!**

**1,000 FREE TRIAL
HAIR TREATMENTS!**

**See if these Conditions
Apply to you**

Does your hair fall out considerably? Do you for instance, get a lot of combings? Does it hurt to pull gently? Have you much dandruff in your scalp? Is the scalp itchy or painful in patches? Is your hair very dry or too oily? Is your hair changing colour? Are the roots falling when you comb? What state is your hair at the crown? Is your hair receding at the temples? The answers to these questions will tell you if you have the first signs of hair disorders and, if so, take the warning that is given you by nature.

TRY THIS QUIZ:

- | | YES | NO |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Does your hair fall out considerably? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 2. Have you much dandruff? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 3. Is your scalp split or broken? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 4. Does your hair hurt when you pull it gently? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 5. Is your scalp itchy or painful in patches? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 6. Is your hair oily? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 7. Is your hair receding at the temples? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 8. Is your hair thinning at the crown? | ☐ | ☐ |

**PLEASE CLIP THIS QUESTION-
NAIRE TO YOUR FREE SAMPLE
COUPON**

TEST IT YOURSELF

Now you can test it yourself — try this famous treatment in your own home — under any conditions you like, and if it doesn't stop falling hair, rid you of dandruff or improve your hair and scalp beyond belief within 30 days it **COSTS YOU NOTHING** — not one penny; but you must hurry, this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation; all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW for details of this offer!

READ THESE LETTERS!



BACK TO NORMAL

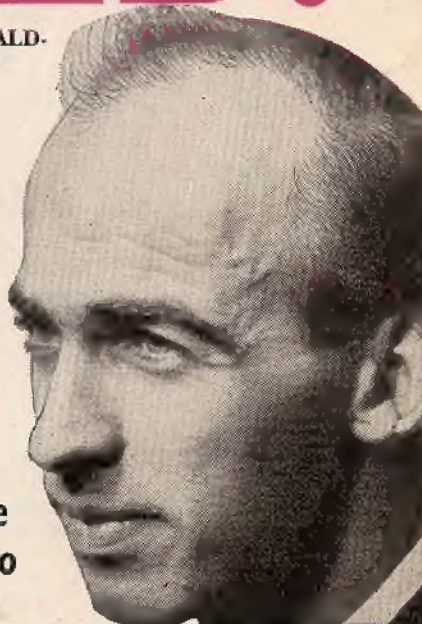
"My hair in the front as you can see in the photo is back to normal, and the crown is slowly being covered. The crown is not bare now but the hair on it has a while to go before it is as long as the rest. I will continue to use it long after it is O.K. and will not use any other dressing on it. Thank you. Yours in gratitude."
G.Y., Lake Wynangan, N.S.W.
(Name and address supplied)

VERY PLEASED
"I am very pleased to be able to tell you that my hair has increased in growth and is growing very much thicker. My hair has stopped falling out now and the dandruff has decreased very much."
G.L.C., of T., N.S.W.
(Name and address supplied)
VERY GRATEFUL
I am one of your recent clients and wish to express my gratitude for your hair treatment. Frankly, I did not believe it would help. Nevertheless I carried out your instructions to the best of my ability and the results are wonderful."
L.D., of P., Vic.



THICKENED MY HAIR A LOT
"Please send me another bottle of your tonic ointment as my wife is using my supply as well as myself. We find it very good for hair treatment and it has thickened my hair a lot. Thank you once again."
L.W., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.
(Name and address supplied)

**Don't
wait,
act
now
before
it's too
late!**



BEWARE — THESE DANGER SPOTS!



THE CROWN — What is the state of your hair at the crown; can you see the scalp through thinning hair? This may be your "danger centre". Take heed in time.



THE TEMPLES — Nothing makes a person look older than thinning, receding hair at the temples. If your mirror tells a story, do something at once; procrastination will rob you of at least the opportunity to test this treatment on approval.

ACT AT ONCE!



trial treatment COUPON

**MURCHISON HAIR SYSTEMS,
(Dept. 3), 109-119 LIVERPOOL STREET,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

Please rush me the free trial treatment without obligation.

Name (Mr, Mrs, Miss)

(Block Capitals)

Full Address

State

(I enclose 4c stamp for postage)

MY/2/58

**HAVE YOU THAT "10-YEAR-
OLDER" LOOK?**

The ageing effect of baldness is clearly depicted in this picture—why look old before your time? If your hair shows the first signs of falling, take action immediately. People unconsciously turn and admire a good head of healthy hair. The Murchison Method is just as efficacious for women as for men.

**MURCHISON HAIR SYSTEMS, DEPT. 3,
109-119 LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY**

